JUDGE DREDD
VOLUME 3

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CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD®

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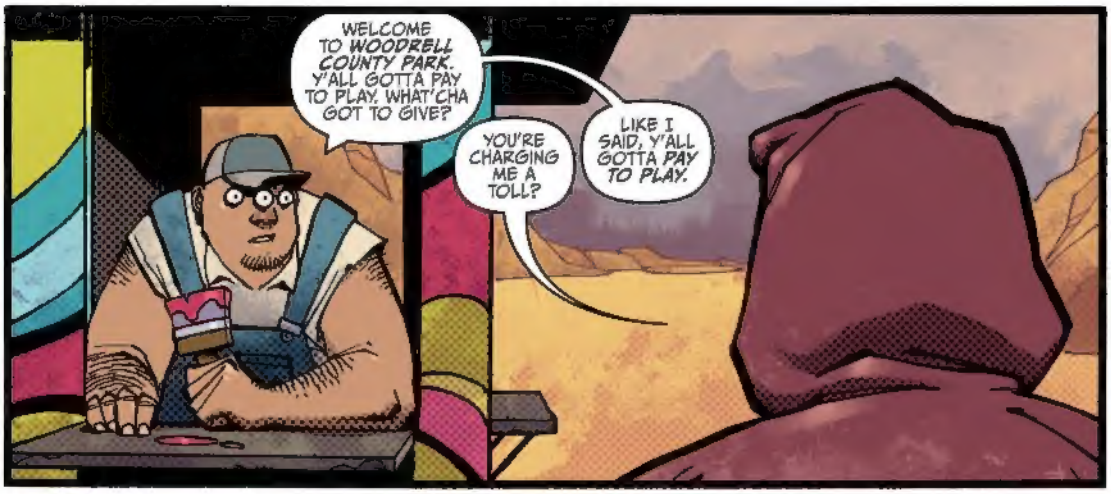
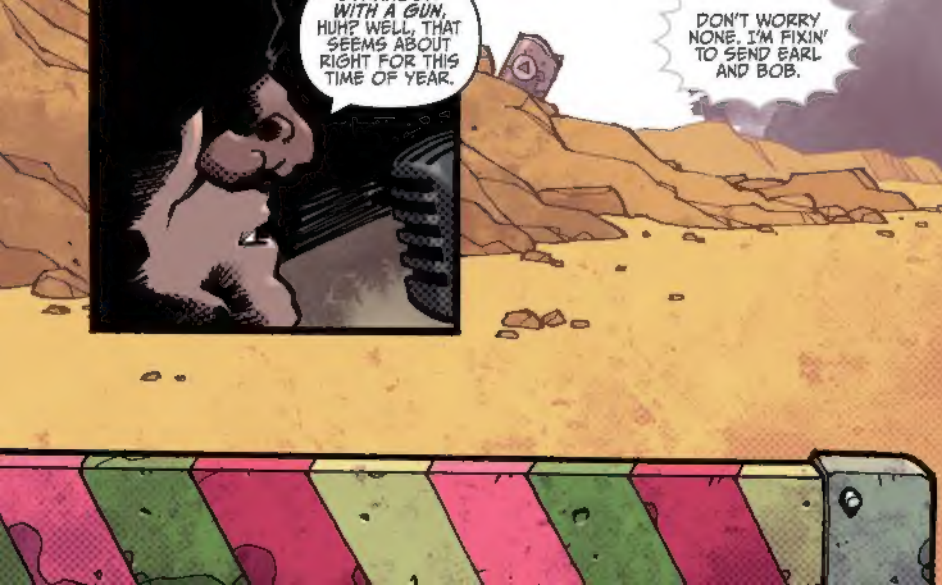
INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
1
A WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF WHOLESOME FAMILY FUN
THERE, IN THE DISTANCE... THE FIRST PIECE OF CIVILIZATION JUDGE DREDD HAS SEEN IN DAYS.
DREDD HAS VENTURED OUT INTO THE CURSED EARTH ON THE HUNT FOR A MISSING HOVERCRAFT THAT COULD SAVE MEGA-CITY ONE.
HE'S MODIFIED HIS RAD METER TO DETECT TRACE ELEMENTS FROM THE HOVERCRAFT'S EXHAUST SYSTEM, AND THE TRAIL HAS LED HIM THROUGH HERE...
...WHATEVER THIS PLACE IS.


WELCOME TO WOODRELL COUNTY PARK. Y'ALL GOTTA PAY TO PLAY. WHAT'CHA GOT TO GIVE?
YOU'RE CHARGING ME A TOLL?
LIKE I SAID, Y'ALL GOTTA PAY TO PLAY.

DREDD HAS ALSO MODIFIED HIS LAWGIVER TO WORK ON MANUAL MODE—MINUS THE GLITCHY TECH.
HOW MANY BULLETS IS THE TOLL, CREEP?
UH... N-N-NONE FOR YOU, JUDGE!?

DADDY!
DADDY, WE GOT A FOUR-ONE-SEVEN!

STRANGER WITH A GUN, HUH? WELL, THAT SEEMS ABOUT RIGHT FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR.


DON'T WORRY NONE. I'M FIXIN' TO SEND EARL AND BOB.

DREDD HOPES THERE'S MORE TO THIS PLACE THAN JUST A FEW CONFUSED MUTIES.
HE NEEDS TO COMMANDEER A *VEHICLE*. CONTINUING HIS HUNT ON FOOT WON'T WORK.
BUT FROM WHERE DREDD'S STANDING, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE *ANYTHING*, LET ALONE A VEHICLE, ANYWHERE IN SIGHT.
STOMM! ONE MORE STEP AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN—
— WHAT THE...

...AN AMUSEMENT PARK? IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLAST CRATER?

THREE CUPS ONE SHOT

TNT PALACE

THE HYPER-DIMENSIONAL SWITCHBACK PENETRATOR 500

SIXTY-CYCLE SPIN

FUN WORM

GUILT-A-WHIRL

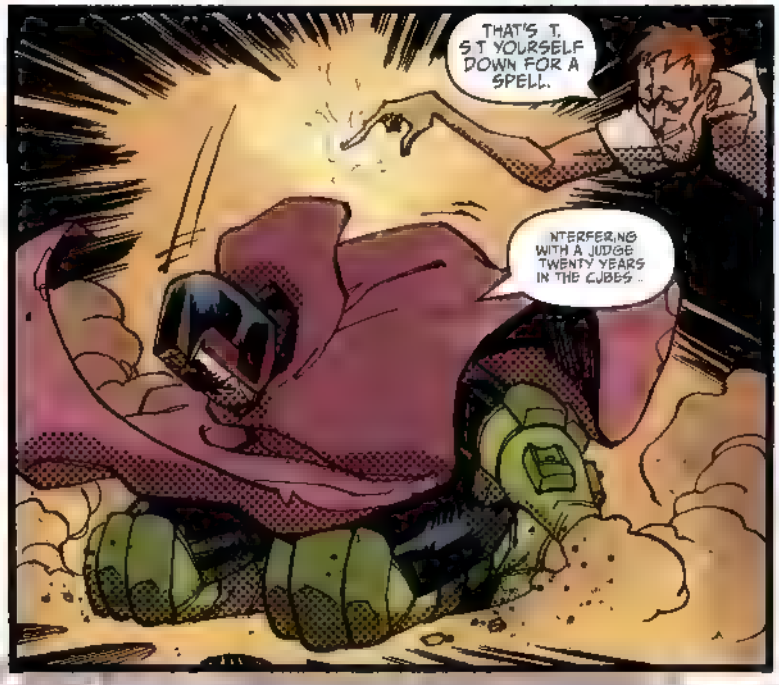
THE SWAT, ROCK 'N' TUG

AS DREDD DRAWS CLOSER TO THE AMUSEMENTS, HE BEGINS TO DISCERN THEIR TRUE PURPOSE.
OKAY, LET'S GIVE HER A SPIN.
I GOT REAL SICK ON THIS THING LAST TIME, BROTHER.
WE FIXED IT, FRANK. YOU SHOULDN'T HURL THIS TIME OUT.
I K-K-KIN F-FEEL MAH INSIDES COMIN' UND-D-DONE...
SHHHHOK
SHHHHOK
SHHHHOK
SPLOSH
SPLOSH
SPLOSH
SSSSSS
A'IGHT, THAT DIDN'T GO TOO GOOD NOW, DID IT?
FRANK SHOULDA LASTED A HECK OF A LOT LONGER THAN THAT.

SOMETHIN' I K N HELP YOU WITH, STRANGER?
DREDD WANTS TO EXECUTE THE OPERATOR AND HIS CRONIES FOR TORTURE AND MURDER, BUT THAT WOULDN'T DO MEGA-CITY ONE ANY GOOD.
I NEED A RIDE.
RIDE NEEDS F X N'.
NOT YOUR RIDE. THAT ONE.
WHOA, NOW—YOU CAN'T JUST MARCH IN HERE AND TAKE OUR LAND-RAZER!
WATCH ME
EXCUSE ME, JUDGE?
A WORD, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND?
ZZZZZAM

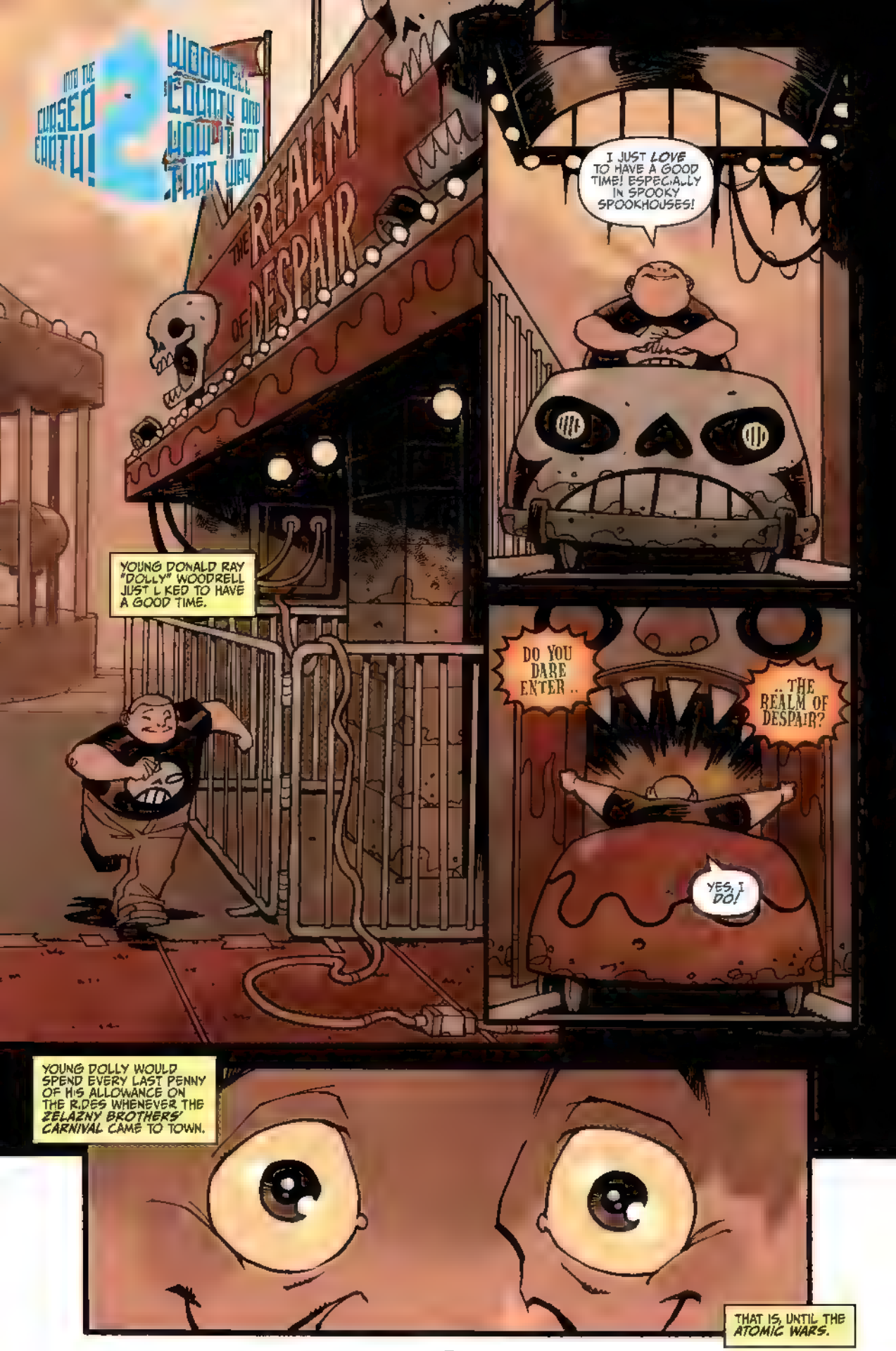
SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT I'D REALLY LOVE A SMALL PIECE OF YOUR TIME.
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME...?
OH, THAT? IT'S JUST THIS THING.

WHOEVER I TOUCH IS OVERWHELMED WITH AP.. AP.. DANG IT, WHAT'S THAT WORD?
APATHY, EARL, APATHY.
THAT'S RIGHT, APATHY. SO'S LIKE YOU DON'T WANT TO MOVE OR EAT OR EVEN BREATHE AFTER A WHILE

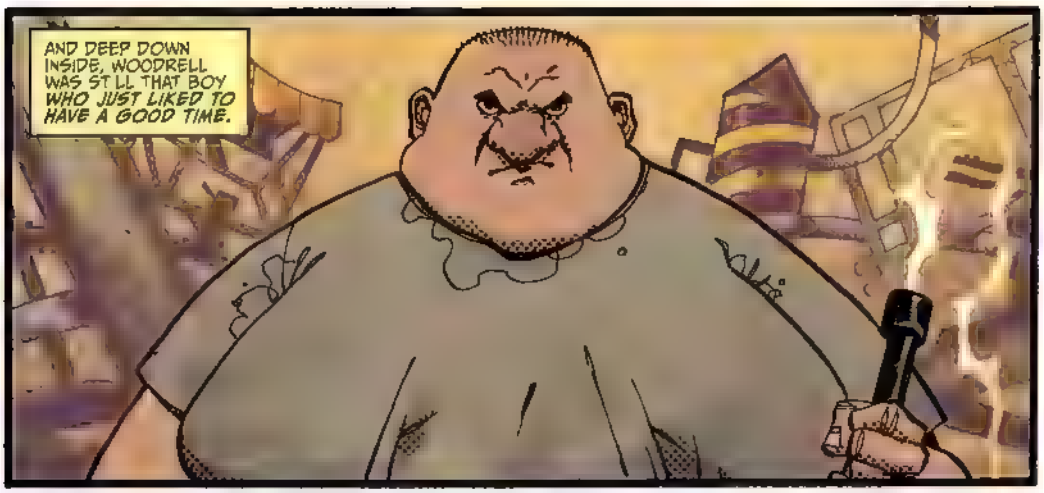

THAT'S IT. SIT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A SPELL.
INTERFERING WITH A JUDGE TWENTY YEARS IN THE CUBES..

OH, WHY AM I DOING THIS?
THERE'S NO HOPE FOR THE LAW OUT HERE..

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
LET ME BE THE FIRST TO WELCOME YOU TO WOODRELL COUNTY.


INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
2
WOODRELL COUNTY AND HOW IT GOT THAT WAY
THE REALM OF DESPAIR
I JUST LOVE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME! ESPECIALLY IN SPOOKY SPOOKHOUSES!
YOUNG DONALD RAY "DOLLY" WOODRELL JUST LIKED TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.
DO YOU DARE ENTER ..
.. THE REALM OF DESPAIR?
YES, I DO!
YOUNG DOLLY WOULD SPEND EVERY LAST PENNY OF HIS ALLOWANCE ON THE RIDES WHENEVER THE ZELAZNY BROTHERS' CARNIVAL CAME TO TOWN.
THAT IS, UNTIL THE ATOMIC WARS.

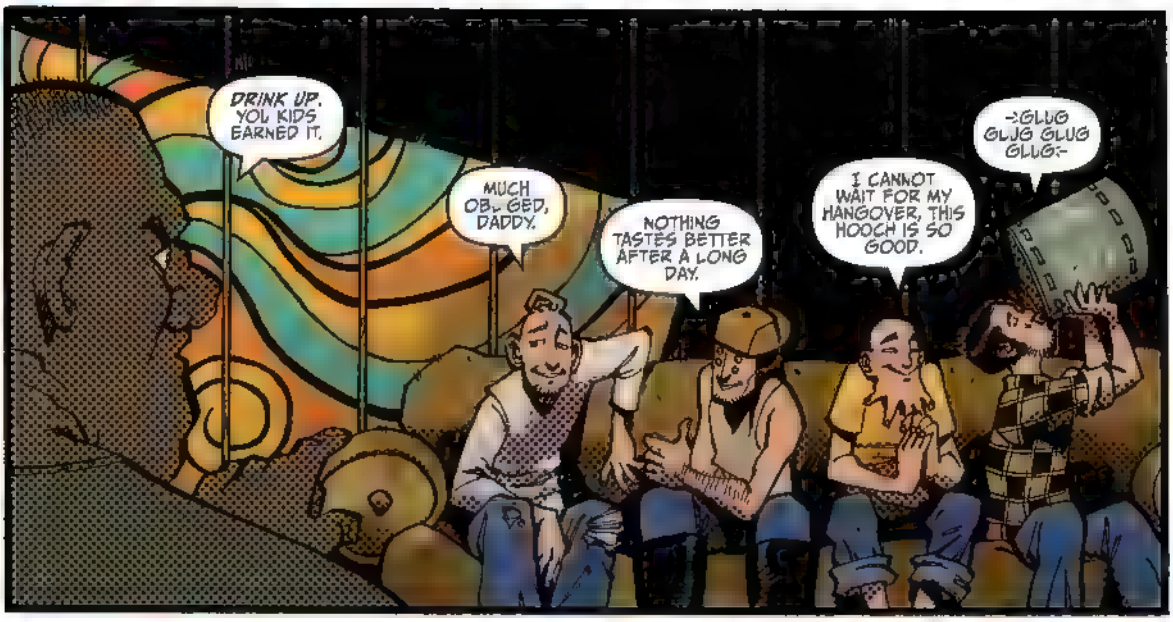
AFTER THAT HORRIBLE EXCHANGE BETWEEN NATIONS, YOUNG DOLLY WAS TREATED TO A REAL-LIFE HORROR SHOW..
.. OF GHASTLY, GHOULISH BODY TERRORS..
.. OF PERVERTED GENETICS..
...OF THE PAST RETURNED TO HAUNT THE PRESENT.
BUT YOUNG DOLLY WOODRELL SURVIVED, AGAINST ALL ODDS.
HE AND HIS CLAN FOUGHT LONG BITTER WARS TO RECLAIM THEIR TURF—EVEN IF IT WAS JUST A HUNK OF IRRADIATED WASTELAND.


AND DEEP DOWN INSIDE, WOODRELL WAS STILL THAT BOY WHO JUST LIKED TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

LET'S GO, FRANK! C'MON, BILL!
WHOOSH -KRAK
NO LOLLY-GAGGIN', DONNY! USE THOSE BACK MUSCLES, BROOK!
WHOOSH -KRAK

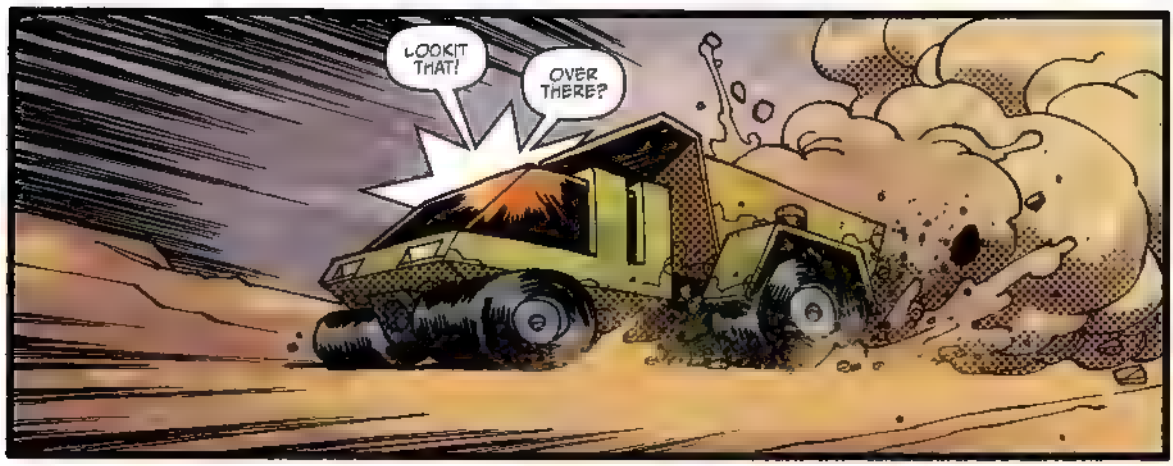
YES, DADDY!
WE'RE LIFTIN' HER, DADDY!
YOU GONNA BE ENJOYING THIS RIDE IN NO TIME, DADDY!
MY BACK MUSCLES ARE STRONG, DADDY!

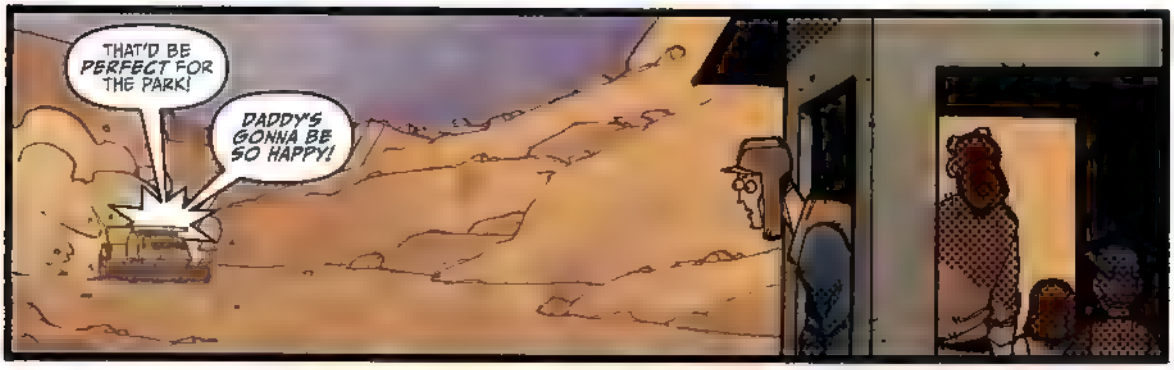
WOODRELL IS BUILDING THE AMUSEMENT PARK OF HIS DREAMS, RIGHT HERE ON TOP OF THE ASHES OF HIS WORST NIGHTMARES.
HIS MUTE CLAN—A LARGE AND NOT-TERRIBLY-BRIGHT GROUP—ASSISTS IN THIS NOBLE QUEST.


DRINK UP, YOU KIDS EARNED IT.
MUCH OBLIGED, DADDY.
NOTHING TASTES BETTER AFTER A LONG DAY.
I CANNOT WAIT FOR MY HANGOVER, THIS HOOCH IS SO GOOD.
-:GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG:-

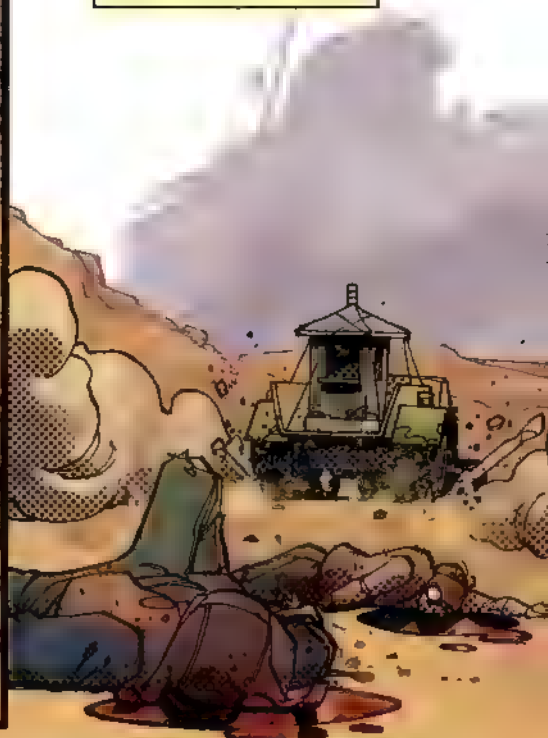
WOODREL KEEPS HIS KIN ON A TIGHT LEASH WITH HIS OWN SPECIAL BLEND OF 'SHINE.
LISTEN TO MY VOICE. THERE IS ONLY MY VOICE...
ONE HOUR LATER.
WHOAH! IT'S STILL DARK!
WE MUST'VE SLEPT OFF THE HOOCH ALL DAY LONG!

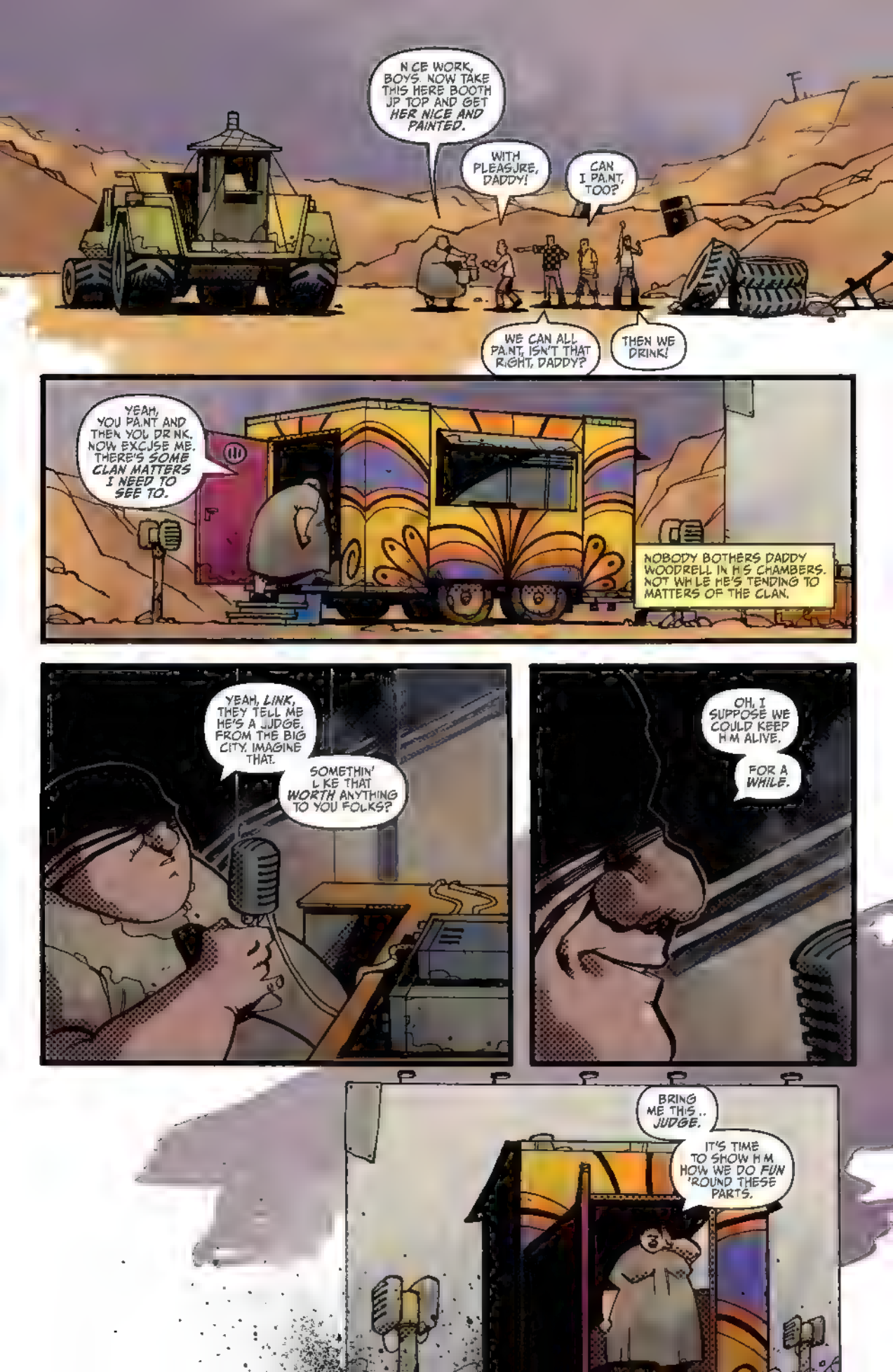
WE'D BETTER GIT MUSTLING!
DADDY WON'T LIKE US LOLLY-GAGGING!





FOR NEARLY A DECADE NOW, WOODRELL'S CLAN HAS BEEN USING THEIR *ONLY VEHICLE*—AN ABANDONED LAND-RAZER—TO TIRELESSLY SCAVENGE FOR RIDE PARTS.




NICE WORK, BOYS. NOW TAKE THIS HERE BOOTH UP TOP AND GET HER NICE AND PAINTED.
WITH PLEASURE, DADDY!
CAN I PAINT, TOO?
WE CAN ALL PAINT, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, DADDY?
THEN WE DRINK!
YEAH, YOU PAINT AND THEN YOU DRINK. NOW EXCUSE ME. THERE'S SOME CLAN MATTERS I NEED TO SEE TO.
NOBODY BOTHERS DADDY WOODRELL IN HIS CHAMBERS. NOT WHILE HE'S TENDING TO MATTERS OF THE CLAN.
YEAH, LINK, THEY TELL ME HE'S A JUDGE, FROM THE BIG CITY. IMAGINE THAT.
SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT WORTH ANYTHING TO YOU FOLKS?
OH, I SUPPOSE WE COULD KEEP HIM ALIVE.
FOR A WHILE.
BRING ME THIS.. JUDGE.
IT'S TIME TO SHOW HIM HOW WE DO FUN 'ROUND THESE PARTS.

INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
GAZE UPON THE FACE OF DREDD
C'MON BACK, FRIEND! WE'RE JUST GETTIN' ACQUAINTED!
EYYYY.
HNUH
WHAT THE ..?
WHOOOOOOOOSH
OH, THAT THERE'S MY BROTHER, BOB.
KRAKCH

THERE'S A BRAIN INSIDE HIM SOMEWHERES, BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT.
I THINK HE PREFERS TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIS DOME, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
WHAM
THUD
THAT'S IT, TAKE HER EASY.
LET'S BRING THIS IN TO DADDY.

WELL WELL WELL...
...A JUDGE FROM THE B G C TY, HUH? WHAT BR NGS YOU OUT TO THESE PARTS, DREDD?
SURRENDER, FAT MAN. I AM THE LAW!
OH, THE LAW OF MEGA-CITY ONE AIN'T NOTH NG BUT POPPYCOCK. OUT HERE, I'M ALL THE LAW THERE IS OR MY NAME ISN'T DONALD RAY DOLLY WOODRELL!
I GOT HIS GUN, DADDY.
AND I GOT HIS BIRDY-SHOULDER THING!
LET'S SEE NOW... HOW SHALL WE ENTERTAIN YOU? SO MANY AMUSEMENTS COME TO MIND. THE SWAT, ROCK 'N' TUG. THE REVERSE PURPLE SURGE. THREE CLPS ONE SHOT. THE KAM KAZE MATTERHORN...
..HOLD ON, HOLD ON. I GOT IT! S NCE YOU LOOK SO RIDICULOUS N YER FANCYPANTS JUDGE GETUP AND WHATNOT, I WANT YOU TO TAKE A GOOD, LONG LOOK AT YERSELF...
...IN THE

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE M.RRORED MADHOUSE.
YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ME IN A BROKEN WOODEN BOX?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, JJDGE. WE SALVAGED THIS BOX A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HERE I JNDERSTAND IT IS EXTRATERRESTRIAL N OR G N.
RJMOR IS... T SPILLS INTO OTHER DIMENSIONS, WHATEVER THOSE MIGHT BE.
THE FIRST OF MY K N WAS SENTENCED TO THE MIRRORED MADHOUSE OH, SOME NINE YEARS AGO
HE HAS NEVER EMERGED, NOR HAS ANYONE ELSE.
YOU HAVE FUN NOW, HEAR?

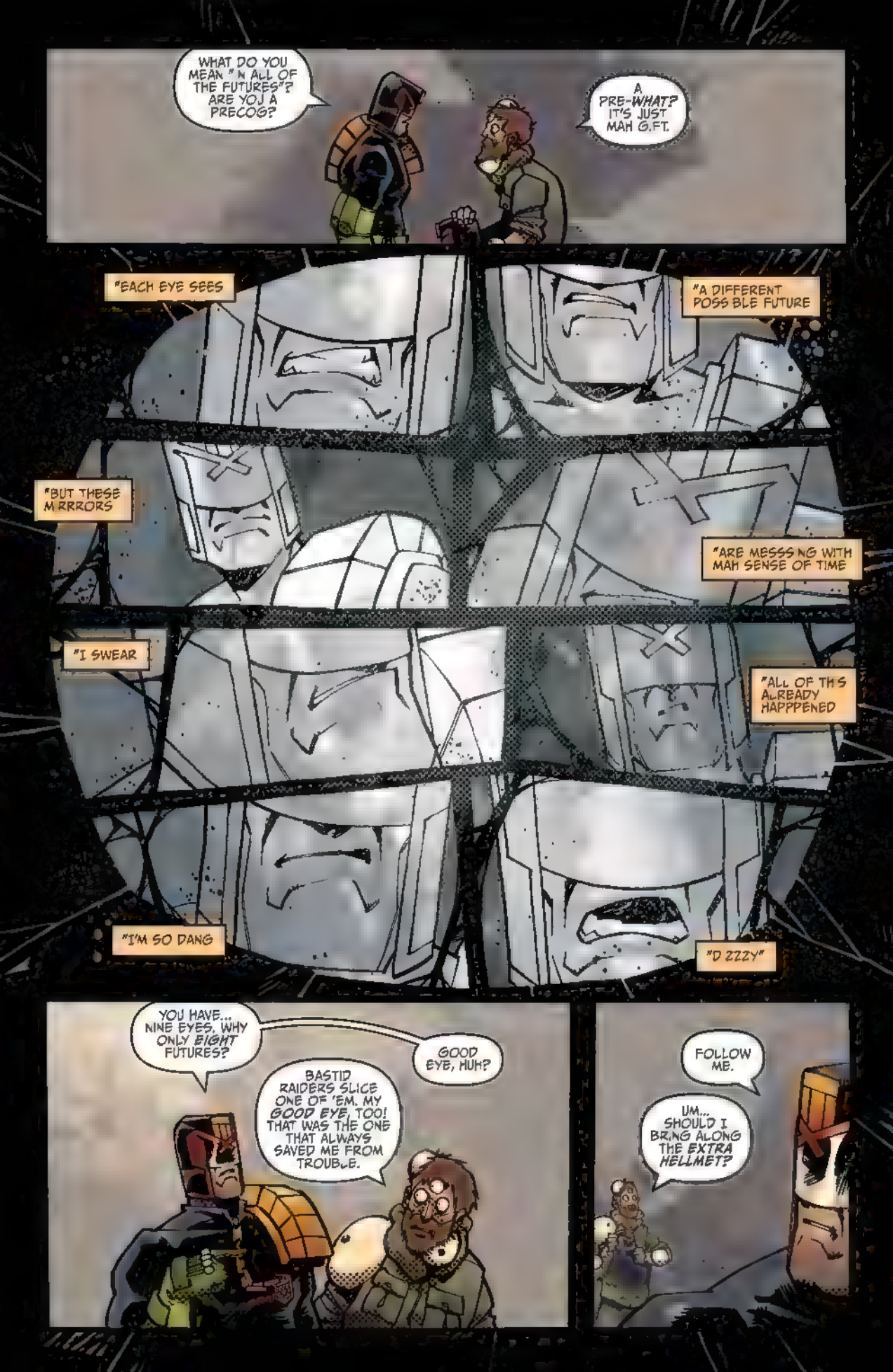
AT FIRST, DREDD ISN'T TOO CONCERNED. AFTER ALL, THIS IS A FINITE SPACE FULL OF FRAGILE GLASS.
IF HE CAN'T FIND HIS WAY OUT, HE'LL SMASH HIS WAY OUT.
BUT ONCE INSIDE, HE QUICKLY BECOMES DISORIENTED.
NONE OF THE TURNS MAKE SENSE. HALLWAYS SEEM TO STRETCH FOREVER...
...AND THEN LEAD TO DEAD ENDS.

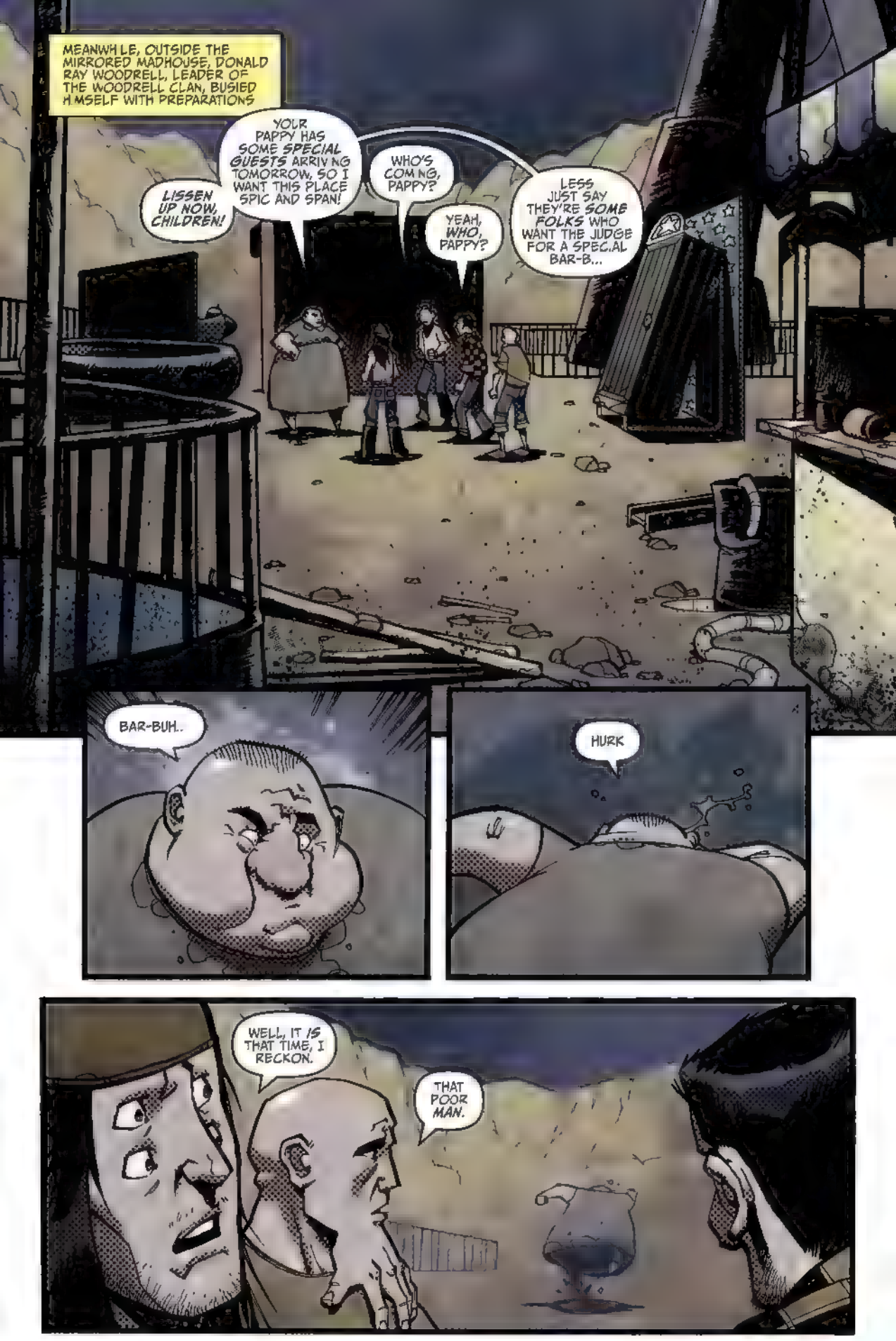
FINE. PLAN B, THEN.
KRESSHH
NO...
...THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE!
DROKK THIS.
HUH. MUST BE THAT JUDGE WOODRELL WAS TALKING ABOUT. POOR MUTIE.

THERE'S A WAY OUT. THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY OUT...
THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE!
OH, THANK GRJD! I THOUGHT I WAS LOST IN HERE FOREVER! CAN YOU HELP ME FIND MY DADDY?
KRESSHH
GAH!
KRESSHH

KRESSSHHH
MJHH?
OH, STOMM.. IS THAT YOU AGAIN, DREDD?
WHO ARE YOU? HAVE WE MET?
ANNND THAT'S WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY.
I STARTIN' TO TH NK WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR THE LONNG HAUL.

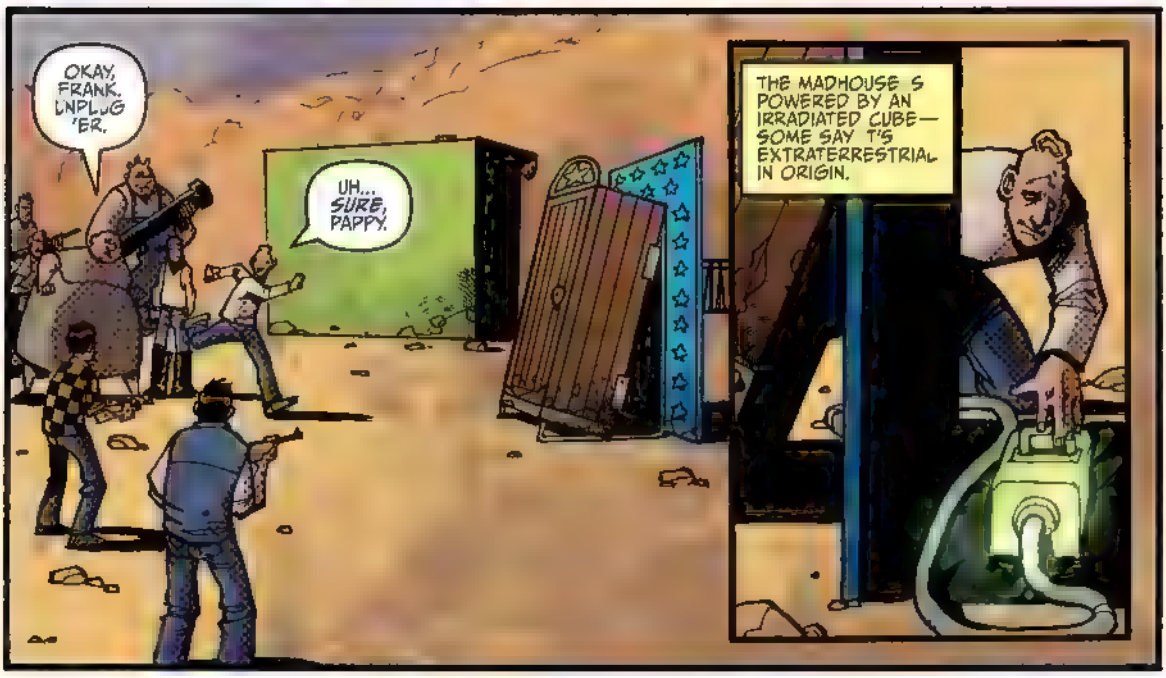
PLACE: THE MIRRORED MADHOUSE.
TIME: INDETERMINATE.
NOT GOING TO ASK AGAIN, MUTIE.
FOR THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH TIME, MY NAME'S DANNN, YOU'RE JUDGE DREDD, AND NO, WE'RE NEVER, EVER GETTING OUT OF HERE.
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?
BECAUSE IN ALL OF THE FUTURES I CAN SEE, YOU WANDER OFF AND END UP A CORPSE.
YOU'RE DELIRIOUS YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE TOO LONG.
BUT I HAVE PROOOF, JUDGE.
I FOUND THIS YESSTERDAY.
AT LEAST I THINK IT WAS YESSTERDAY.
INTO THE CURSED EARTH! 4 ISSUES UP


WHAT DO YOU MEAN "N ALL OF THE FUTURES"? ARE YOJ A PRECOG?
A PRE-WHAT? IT'S JUST MAH G.FT.
"EACH EYE SEES
"A DIFFERENT POSS BLE FUTURE
"BUT THESE M RRRORS
"ARE MESSS NG WITH MAH SENSE OF TIME
"I SWEAR
"ALL OF TH S ALREADY HAPPPENED
"I'M SO DANG
"D ZZZY"
YOU HAVE... NINE EYES. WHY ONLY EIGHT FUTURES?
GOOD EYE, HUH?
BASTID RAIDERS SLICE ONE OF 'EM. MY GOOD EYE, TOO! THAT WAS THE ONE THAT ALWAYS SAVED ME FROM TROUBLE.
FOLLOW ME.
UM... SHOULD I BRING ALONG THE EXTRA HELLMET?

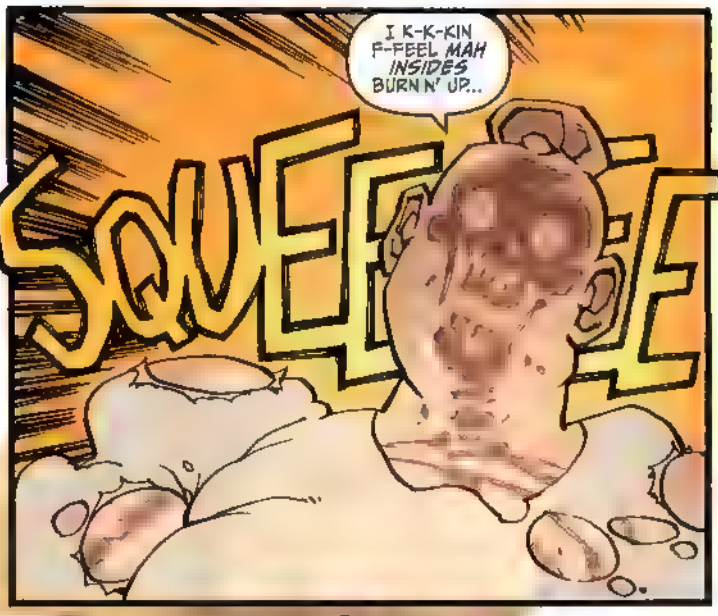

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE MIRRORED MADHOUSE, DONALD RAY WOODRELL, LEADER OF THE WOODRELL CLAN, BUSIED HIMSELF WITH PREPARATIONS
LISSEN UP NOW, CHILDREN!
YOUR PAPPY HAS SOME SPECIAL GUESTS ARRIVING TOMORROW, SO I WANT THIS PLACE SPIC AND SPAN!
WHO'S COMING, PAPPY?
YEAH, WHO, PAPPY?
LESS JUST SAY THEY'RE SOME FOLKS WHO WANT THE JUDGE FOR A SPECIAL BAR-B...
BAR-BUH..
HURK
WELL, IT IS THAT TIME, I RECKON.
THAT POOR MAN.

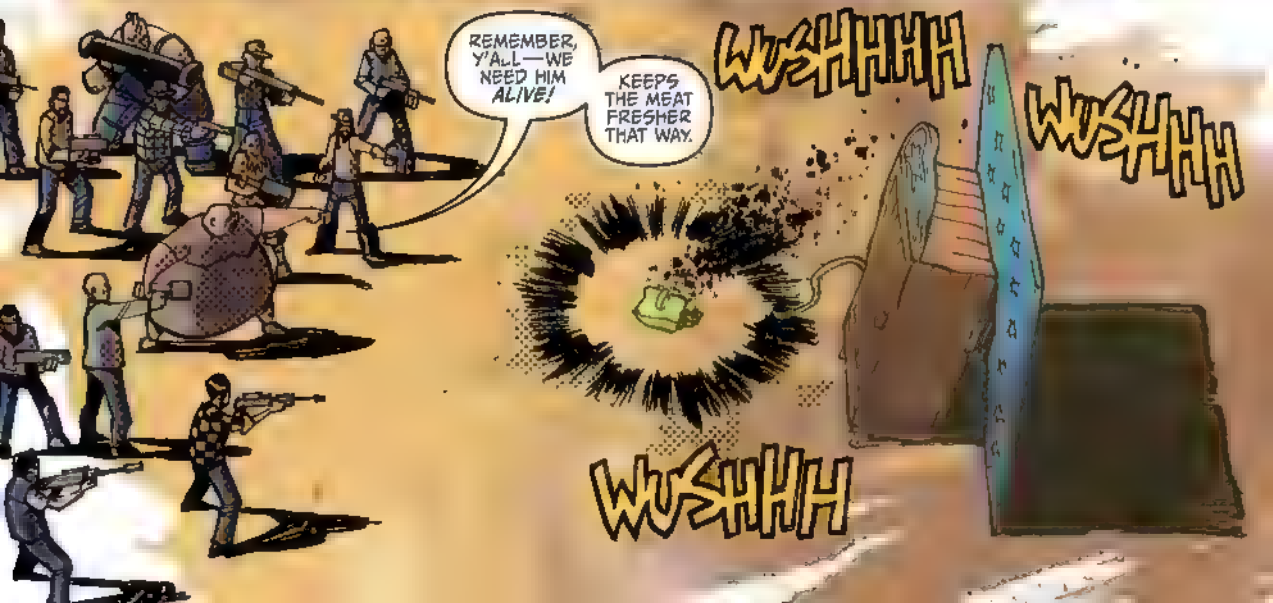
DREDD AND DANNN MOVED THROUGH THE MAZE FOR WHAT FELT L KE DAYS, WITH DANNN CALLING OUT POSS BLE FJTURES, AND DREDD CHOOS NG A D FFERENT PATH.
OKAY, I SEE YOU.. YOU'RE JUMP.NG BACK! YOU'RE MOVING LEFT! YOU'RE JUMP NG UP! BLOWING YOUR NOSE!
YOU GOT ALL THAT?
JUST G VE ME THE OTHER FOUR POSSIBLE FUTURES!
YOU'RE STAYING COMPLETELY STILL! SLAMMING YOUR HEAD .NTO A M.RRROR! PIN-WHEEL NG YER ARMS AROUND L KE YOU'RE CAREFREE AND IT'S A LAZY SUMMER DAY! SNAPPING YER FINGERS NINE TIMES!
THAT'S IT?
YEP. SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? MY GOOD EYE ALWAYS SHOWED ME SOMETHING REA..Y UNEXPECT—
SKRAEEWSHH
GAH!
HEY...
...I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS ROOM BEFORE.

OFTEN THE MOST BIZARRE PATH WAS THE ONE THAT WORKED.
WHOAH--- I THINK THE WALLS ARE MOVING!
WALKING BACKWARDS! CRAWLING ON THE CEILING! POKING ME IN THE EYE!
PLEASE DON'T EVER POKE ME IN THE EYE.
I NEED A NAP. ALL OF THIS LOOKIN' MAKES MAH HEAD HURT SOMETHIN' AWFUL...
YOU CAN REST YOUR HEAD WHEN WE'RE OUT OF HERE. NEXT FUTURE! NOW!

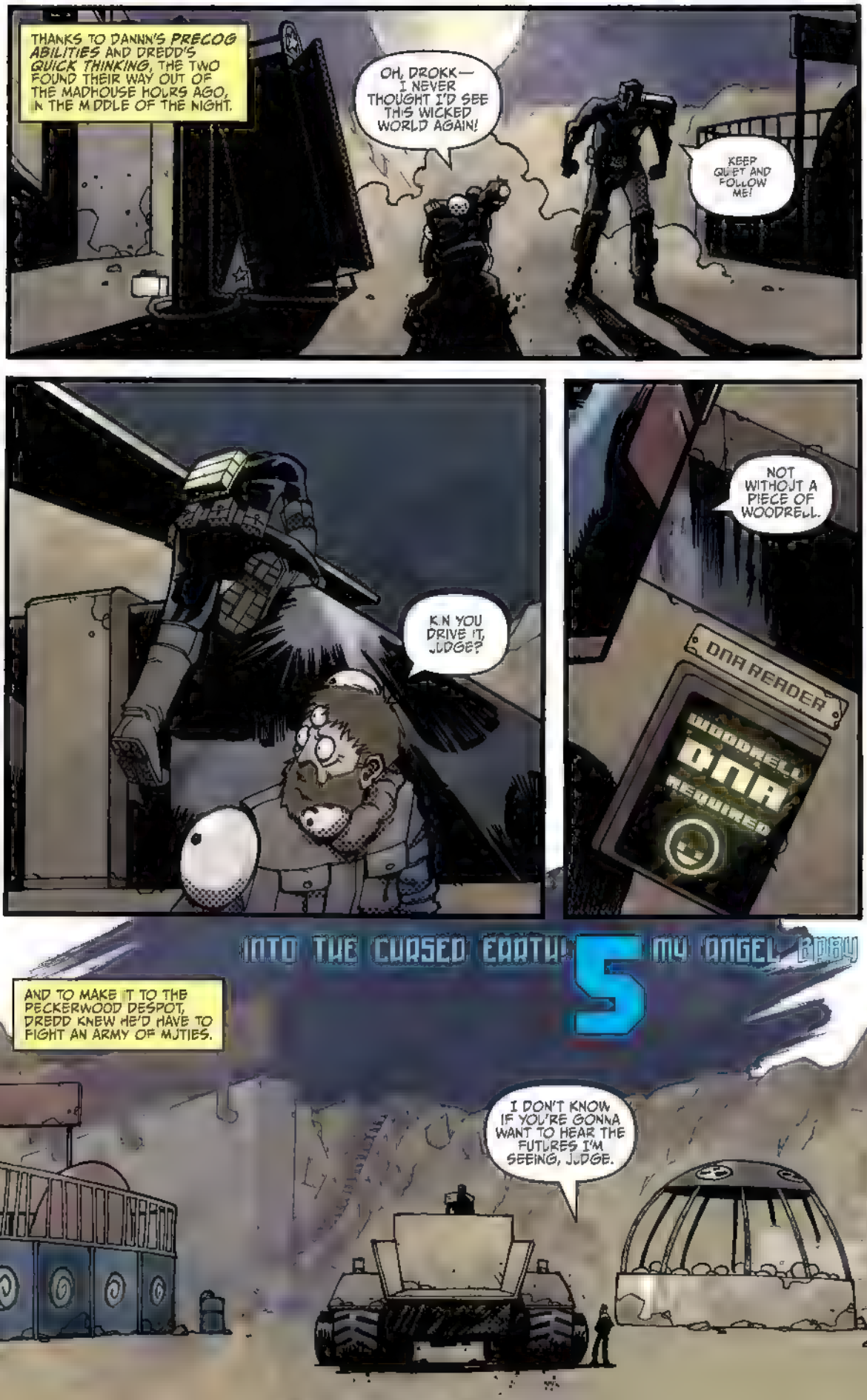

OKAY, FRANK. UNPLUG 'ER.
UH... SURE, PAPPY.
THE MADHOUSE'S POWERED BY AN IRRADIATED CUBE— SOME SAY IT'S EXTRATERRESTRIAL IN ORIGIN.

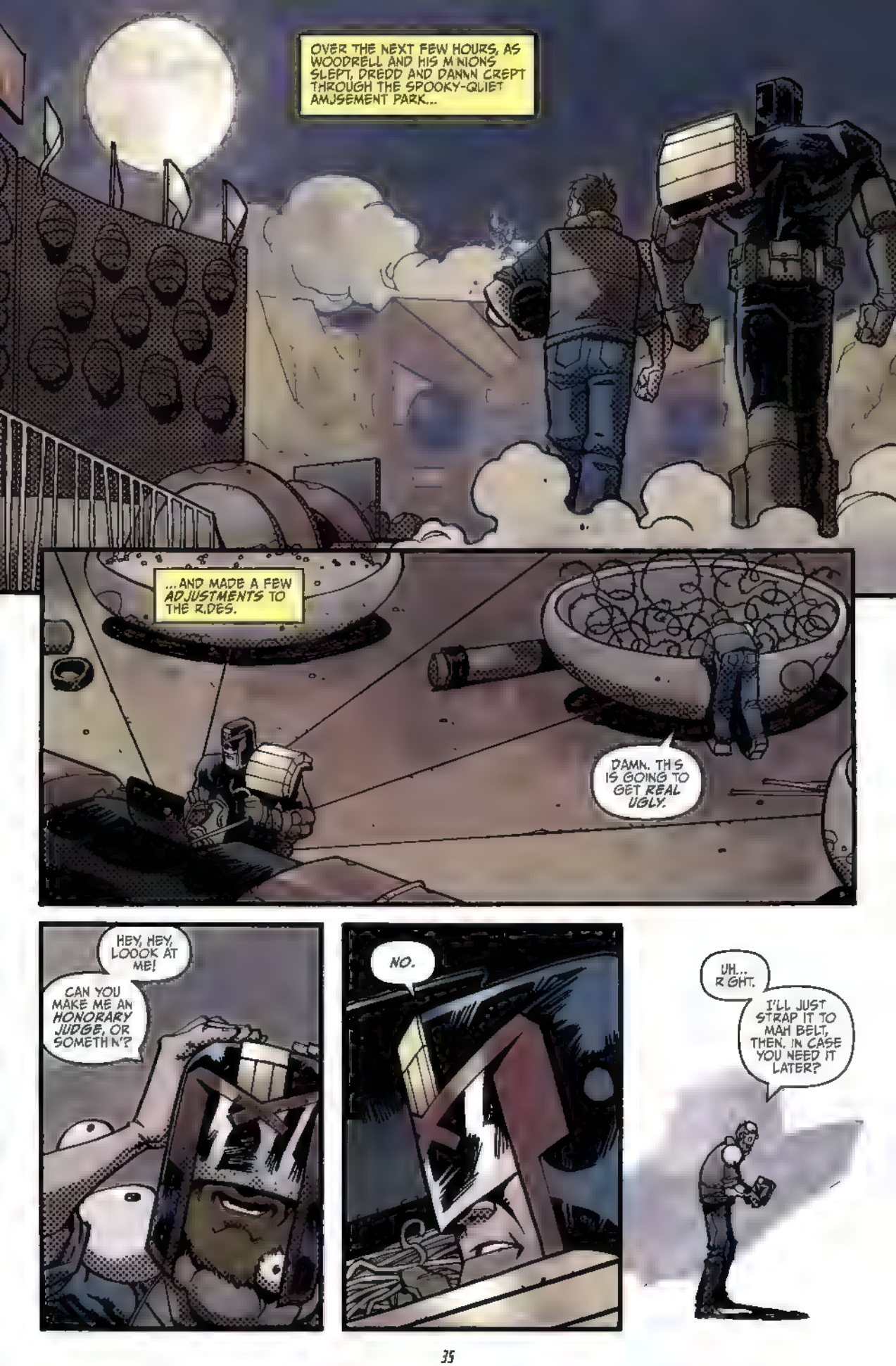
UNFORTUNATELY FOR FRANK, THE CUBE IS DEADLY TO THE TOUCH.


I K-K-KIN F-FEEL MAH INSIDES BURN'N' UP..
SQUEEEEE

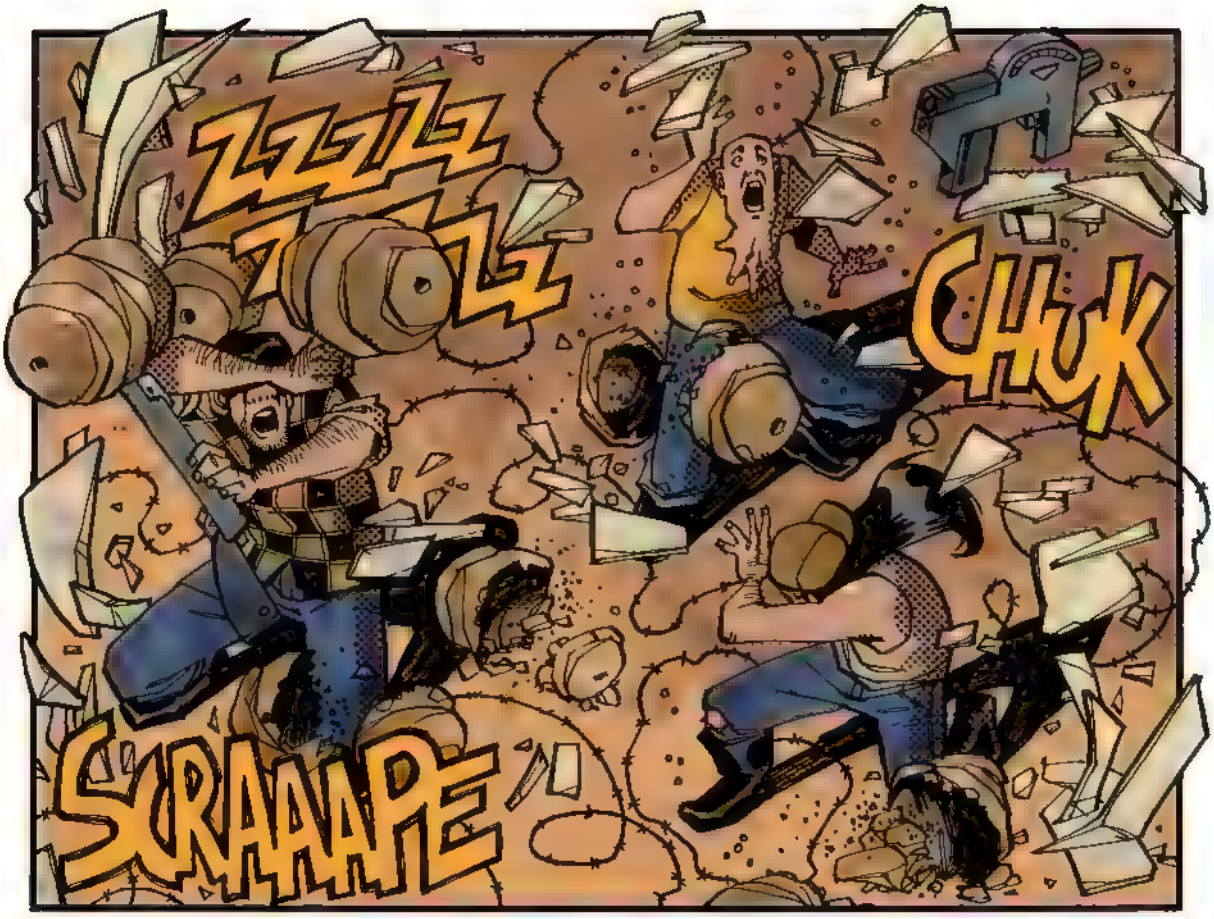

REMEMBER, Y'ALL—WE NEED HIM ALIVE!
KEEPS THE MEAT FRESHER THAT WAY.
WUSHHHH
WUSHHH
WUSHHH

WUSHHH
WUSHH
WOOSHHH
KLIK-
KLAK
NOW WHERE THEY AT!?
LOOKING FOR ME?
I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN, WOODRELL.

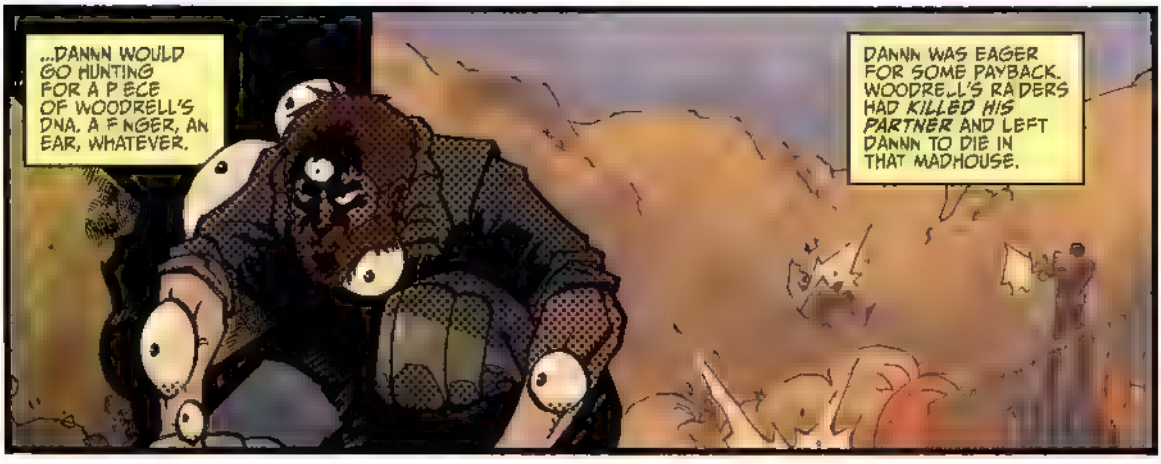

THANKS TO DANNN'S PRECOG ABILITIES AND DREDD'S QUICK THINKING, THE TWO FOUND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE MADHOUSE HOURS AGO, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
OH, DROKK— I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS WICKED WORLD AGAIN!
KEEP QUIET AND FOLLOW ME!
K.N YOU DRIVE IT, JUDGE?
NOT WITHOUT A PIECE OF WOODRELL.
DNA READER
WOODRELL DNA REQUIRED
INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
5
MY ANGEL BABY
AND TO MAKE IT TO THE PECKERWOOD DESPOT, DREDD KNEW HE'D HAVE TO FIGHT AN ARMY OF MUTIES.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO HEAR THE FUTURES I'M SEEING, JUDGE.


OVER THE NEXT FEW HOURS, AS WOODRELL AND HIS MINIONS SLEPT, DREDD AND DANNN CREPT THROUGH THE SPOOKY-QUIET AMUSEMENT PARK...
...AND MADE A FEW *ADJUSTMENTS* TO THE RIDES.
DAMN. THIS IS GOING TO GET *REAL* UGLY.
HEY, HEY, LOOOK AT ME!
CAN YOU MAKE ME AN *HONORARY JUDGE*, OR SOMETHIN'?
NO.
UH... RIGHT.
I'LL JUST STRAP IT TO MAH BELT, THEN, IN CASE YOU NEED IT LATER?

NOW.
KILL THE NINE-EYED MUTIE!
SUBDUE THE JUDGE!
YER DEAD, N.NE EYES.
YOU WANNA SUBDUE YERSELF, JUDGE?
YEAH, SAVE US THE HASSLE?
PARDON ME, BOYS..
HURK
YOUR RIDES AREN'T SAFE, WOODRELL!
LET ME SHOW YOU.
SPROING


ZZZLL ZOLL
CHUK
SCRAAAAPE

ON YOUR KNEES, CREEPS!
THIS PARK IS CLOSED!
THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE. WHILE DREDD ENGAGED WOODRELL'S LOYAL MINIONS..


...DANNN WOULD GO HUNTING FOR A PIECE OF WOODRELL'S DNA. A FINGER, AN EAR, WHATEVER.
DANNN WAS EAGER FOR SOME PAYBACK. WOODRELL'S RAIDERS HAD *KILLED HIS PARTNER* AND LEFT DANNN TO DIE IN THAT MADHOUSE.

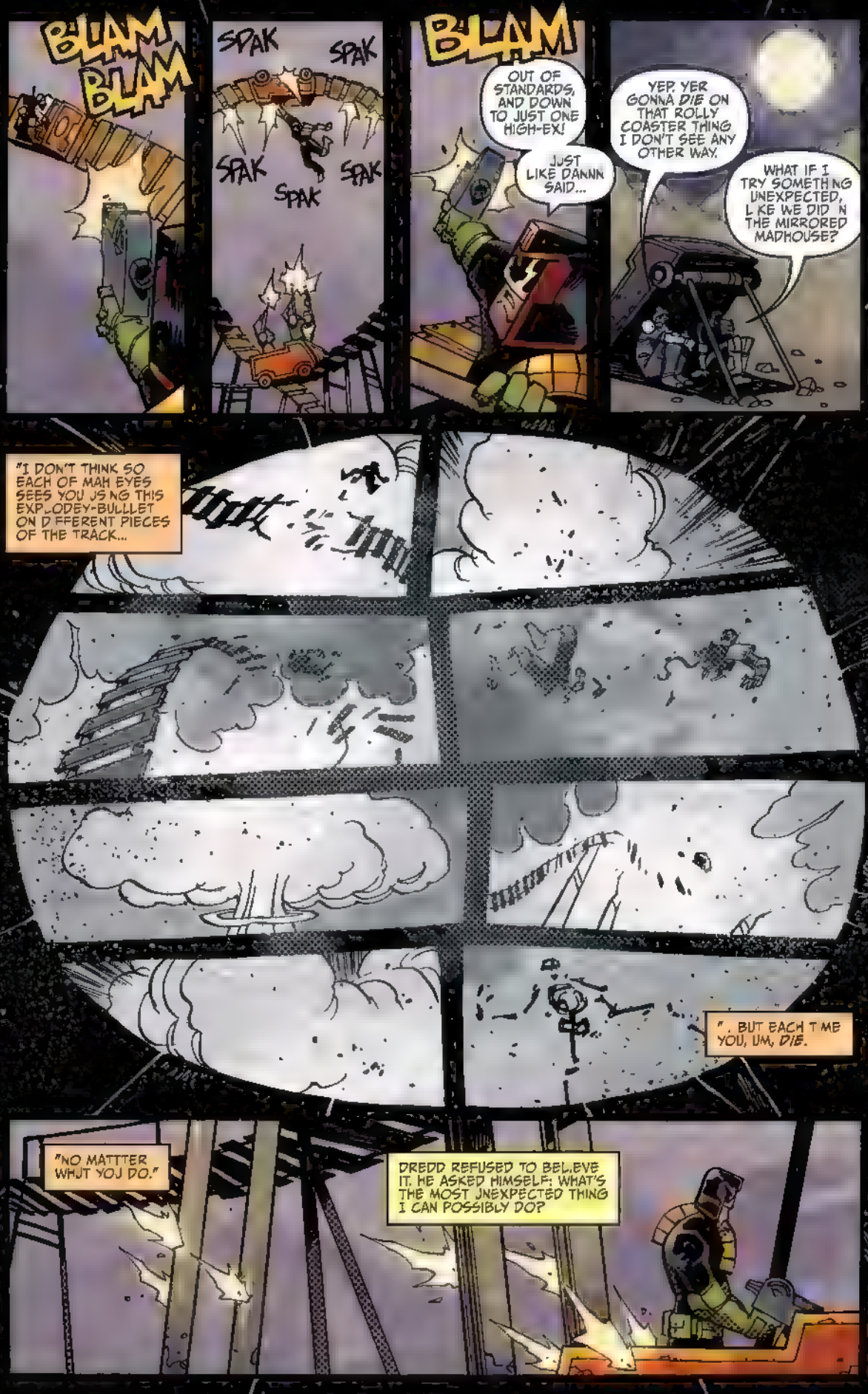
YOU TWO AGAIN?
MY FRIEND BOB AND I WOULD LIKE A WORD W TH YOU, MR. JUDGE MAN.
EYYY.
SWOOP SWOOP
YOU'RE A TOUCH PARANOID, AIN'TCHA?
LET'S GO FOR A RIDE.
IN PARTICULAR: A RIDE THAT DREDD MODIFIED JUST HOURS BEFORE.
THE SWAT, KOCK'N
YOU WANT TO PLAY IN OUR SANDBOX? BE MY GUEST, FRIEND!
HEY! THAT CAR'S NOT SUPPOSED TO MOVE LIKE THAT!
BOING
KRAK
OOF!

EYYYYY!
TZWAK
WHOOP
WHOOP
WHOOP
WHOOP
DING-DING
DING-DING
SWAT

WHAT N TARNATION IS GOIN' ON HERE?
STOMM, THIS HURTS!
YOU'RE DOING FINE, PAPPY!
YER ALMOST FULLY DILATIN'!
PUSH, PAPPY, PUSH!
"WHAT IN THE...!?"
DANNN DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS STARING N SLACK-JAWED HORROR AT THE WOODRELL FAMILY SECRET.

AFTER THE FALLOUT, YOUNG DONALD RAY WOODRELL LEARNED HE HAD A SPECIAL GIFT:
CONGRATS! IT'S A FRANK!
P-P-P-PAPPY?
GENERATING FAMILY MEMBERS FROM A BIRTHING CANAL IN HIS BACK. NO FEMALE REQUIRED.
OH DANG, IT HURTS!
WOODRELL WASN'T JUST THE LEADER OF HIS ALL-MALE CLAN. HE WAS ITS SOLE PARENT, TOO.
PAPPY I'M HUNGRY!
SOMEBODY CLEAN MY SLIT AND GET THAT BOY SOMETHIN' TA EAT.
OH.
OH MYYY.
AN INTERLOPER? IN THE BIRTHIN' ROOM?
NO STRANGER SHALL WITNESS THE BIRTH OF NEW KIN!
IT'S THE OLDEST LAW!
SMITE HIM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

DROKK... ALMOST OUT OF AMMO. AND THEY KEEP COMING!
I SWEAR I'VE KILLED THE SAME MUTIE TWICE. IT'S AS IF THEY'RE SPONTANEOUSLY GENERATING!
BLAM
BLAM
THIS "RIDE" LOOKS YEARS FROM BEING FINISHED
BUT DREDD SEES NO OTHER WAY.
BESIDES, LAST NIGHT, DANNN TOLD HIM THIS WAS THE WAY IT WOULD HAPPEN.
PURSUED BY MUTIES. DOWN TO FOUR ROUNDS IN HIS LAWGIVER. THREE STANDARD, ONE HIGH-EX.
AND ACCORDING TO DANNN, NO WAY OUT BUT *DEAD*.

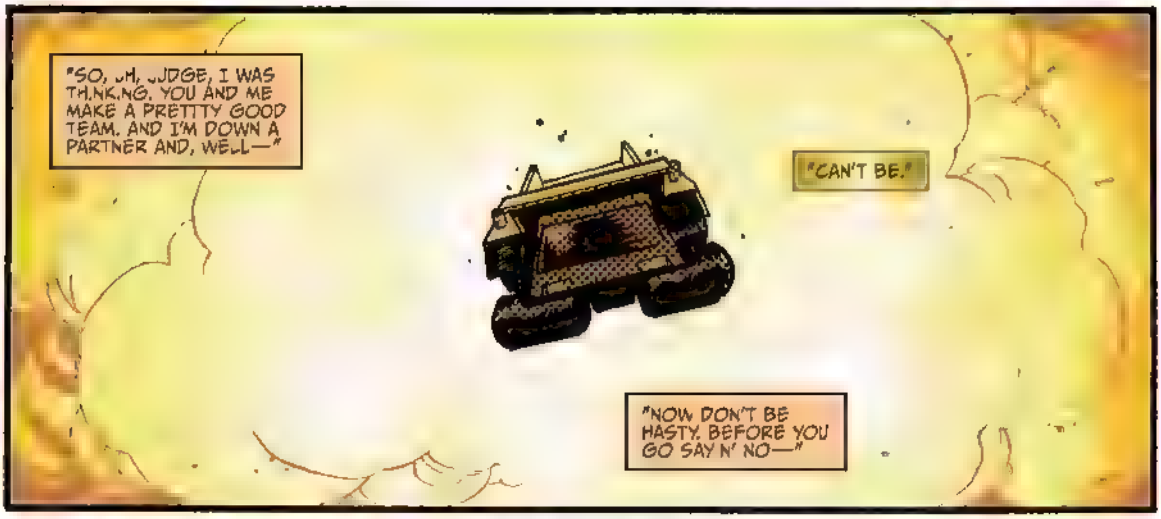

BLAM BLAM
SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK
BLAM
OUT OF STANDARDS, AND DOWN TO JUST ONE HIGH-EX!
JUST LIKE DANNN SAID...
YEP. YER GONNA DIE ON THAT ROLLY COASTER THING I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY.
WHAT IF I TRY SOMETHNG UNEXPECTED, LKE WE DID N THE MIRRORED MADHOUSE?
"I DON'T THINK SO EACH OF MAH EYES SEES YOU JS NG THIS EXPLODEY-BULLLET ON D FFERENT PIECES OF THE TRACK...
". BUT EACH T ME YOU, UM, DIE.
"NO MATTTER WHJT YOJ DO."
DREDD REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT. HE ASKED HIMSELF: WHAT'S THE MOST JNEXPECTED THING I CAN POSSIBLY DO?

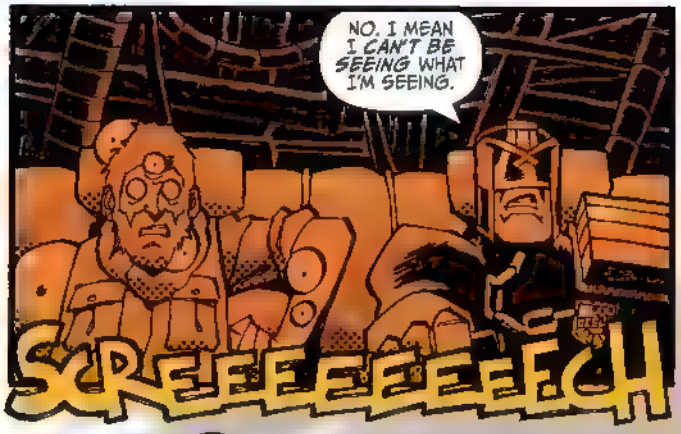
THEN IT CAME TO H.M. NOTHING.
PAPPY, DON'T LET US DIE
THUD
LOOKIT 'EM GO.

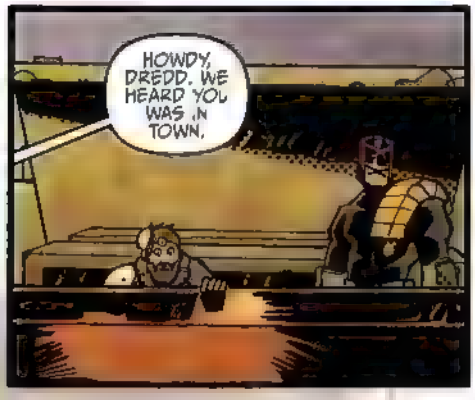
HNUH!
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? WHERE'S WOODRELL'S DNA?
WELL, I DIDN'T EXACTLY GET THAT BUT MAHHH LAWD, YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW, JUDGE!
I MEAN, H'S B RTHIN' GEAR WAS RIGHT THERE ON HIS BACK...
...AND ALL OF THESE GJYS ARE HIS KIN! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? MAKES ME WANT TO WASH ALL OF MAHHH EYES OUT WITH—
HIS KIN?

WE'RE NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, JUDGE. NOT BY A LO—
KAK
KRNCH
WOODRELL DNA CONF.RMED.
BEEP
HUH.
DIDN'T SEE THAAT ONE COM.N'.
TAKE THE WHEEL.
WHY? WHAT ARE YOU GO NG TO DO?
SOME JUSTICE.

DONALD RAY WOODRELL! YOUR PARK IS UNSAFE. I'M CONDEMNING IT.
BOOM
THE SW


"SO, UM, JUDGE, I WAS THINKING. YOU AND ME MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM. AND I'M DOWN A PARTNER AND, WELL—"
"CAN'T BE."
"NOW DON'T BE HASTY. BEFORE YOU GO SAY N' NO—"


NO. I MEAN I *CAN'T BE SEEING* WHAT I'M SEEING.
SCREEEEEEEEEECH


HOWDY, DREDD. WE HEARD YOU WAS IN TOWN.

YOU GOT PLANS FER *DINNER?*

I'M GUESSING THIS AIN'T THE KIND OF MANNER WHERE—
NO.
GET BACK IN YOUR SEAT AND STRAP YOURSELF IN.
AW, C'MON, DREDD! YER BEIN' ALL SILLY NOW.
LIKE A LUMP OF BEEF HASH TRYIN' TA HIDE IN THE CAN.
YOU KNOW WE'RE GONNA JUST OPEN YOU UP ANYWAY.
I'M SEEING ALL THESE POSSIBLE FUTURES AND...
WELL, EVERY TIME THEY -GULP- EAT US. THE WAY THEY GNAWW YOUR BONES... IT'S LIKE IT'S PERSONAL.
THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE ANGEL GANG.
I'VE RUN INTO THEM BEFORE.

INTO THE CURSED EARTH! 7 TENDER IS THE MAN

A'IGHT, BOYS- LET'S GET THAT MEAT!
BROKK!
WHATEVER YOU DO, DANNN, DON'T LET THEM INSIDE THIS VEH C.E.
HIYA, DREDDY.
WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT PAW FIXED ME UP WITH.
SQUEEEEEEEEE
NEEEEEEEERRRR

C'MERE, BUNKY
GUHHH...
KUDGE
STOMMM!

BLAM!
HNUH
AW, GRJD— SORRRY JUDGE!
ARE YOU.. JM, STILL ALIVE?
NEEEEEERRRR
PAW WANTS YOU TO PULL OVER!

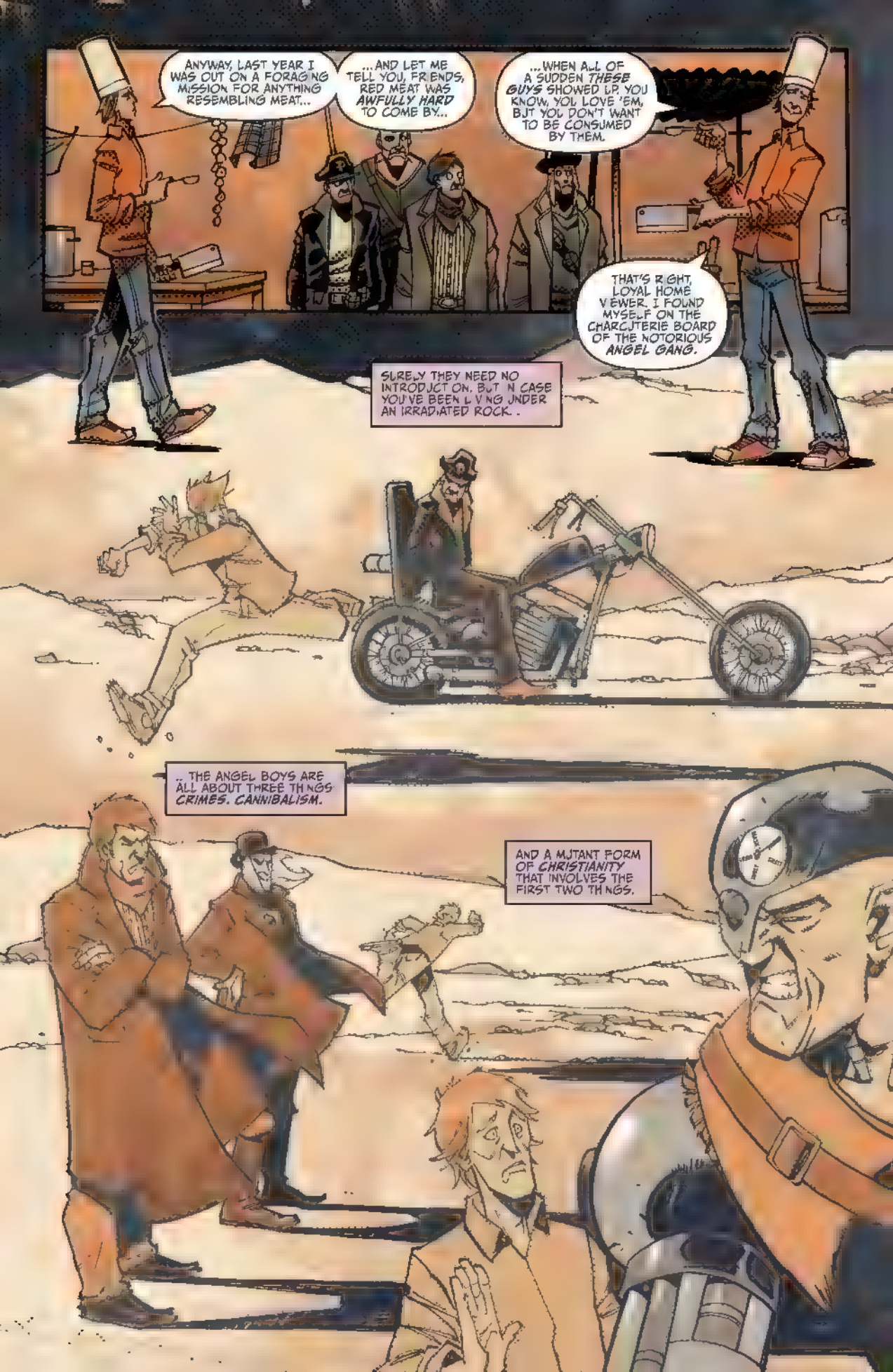
KRANK
KRONK
KLUNGE
SCREEEEEEEEE
NOW LET'S GET OUR MEAT OUT OF THAT TIN CAN BEFORE IT SPOILS.

GRAAAHAHAHH!
WHAT, DREDDY, DON'T GOT YER GUN NO MORE?
YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME DOWN WITH YOUR TINY LITTLE FISTS?
WAIT 'TIL YOU FEEL THIS.
KRNCH
...
I SURRRENDER.

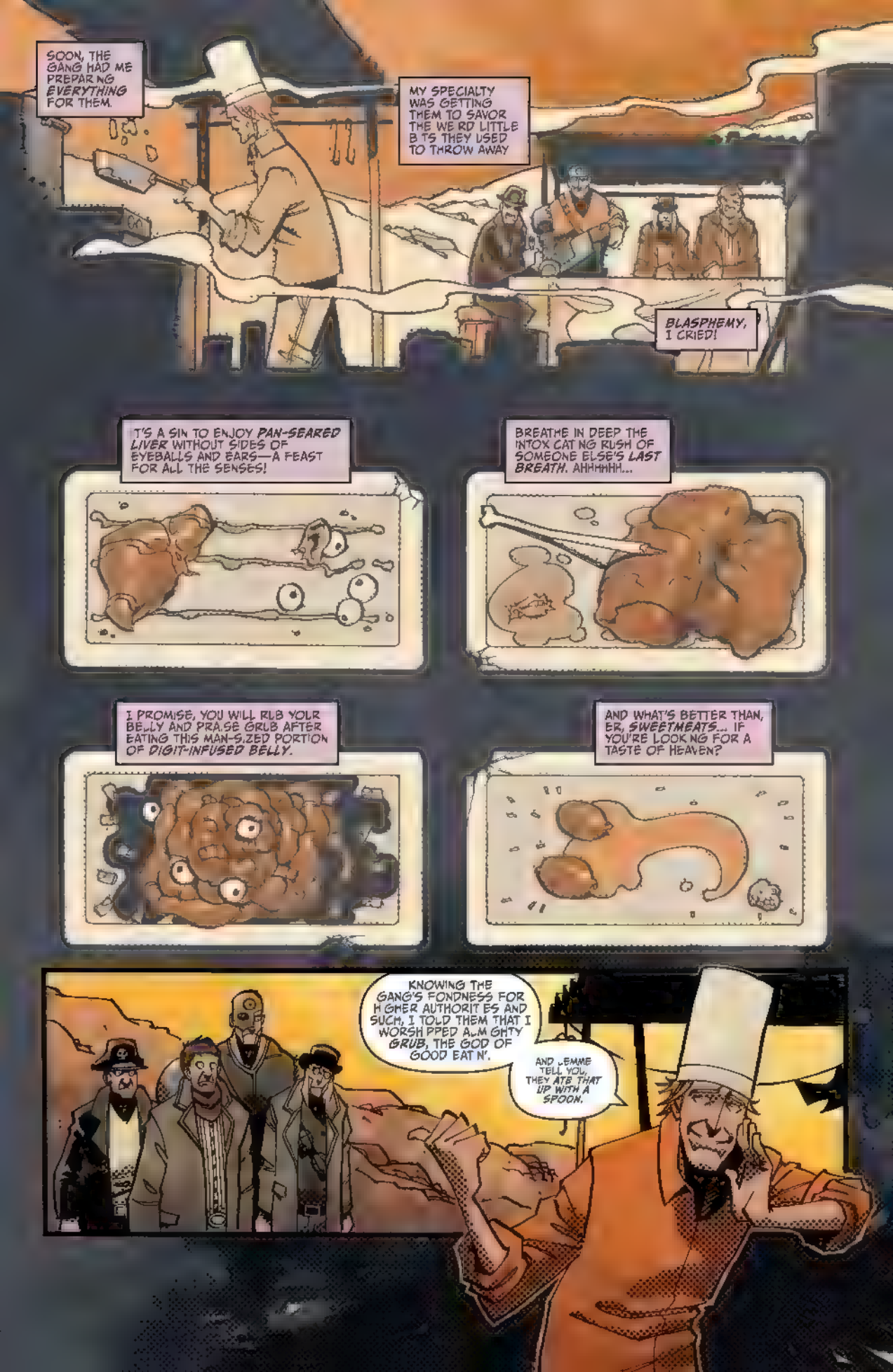
HOWDY, BOYS! WHAT BOUNTY HAVE YOU BROUGHT BACK FROM THE WILDS OF IRRADIATED AMERICA?
WE FINALLY GOT DREDD, CHEF. WE GONNA HAVE THE BARBECUE TO END ALL BARBECUES.
NICE, FRESH JUDGE MEAT AND . WHOAH, WHAT'S THIS?
IS THAT AN HONEST-TO-GRUD MULTI-EYED MUTIE?
AS YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD, I HAVE A FONDNESS FOR COOKING ODD BITS—EYES, TENDONS, EARDRUMS, YOU KNOW.
I AIN'T EVER HEARD OF YOU.
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? I'M THE LAST CHEF. THE ONLY NAME IN CULINARY EXCELLENCE BETWEEN THE TWO MEGS.
I DON'T EAT OUT MUCH.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M A BIG BELIEVER IN WASTELAND-TO-TABLE CUISINE.
GENTLEMEN? WANT TO DO THE HONORS?
PEASANT FOOD IS THE BEST FOOD, AND IT DOESN'T GET ANY MORE PEASANT THAN A COUPLE OF FRESHLY-SCOOPED PEEPIN' ORBS...
WHAT ABOUT DREDD?
SET MEAN MACHINE TO TENDERIZE MODE.

"HE SHOULD BE READY IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, BETWEEN THIS AND SOME TIME WITH THE BUTTER LADY."
KRNCH
GAHHH!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PROBABLY ASKING YOURSELF.
WHAT'S A CULTURED GUY LIKE ME DOING HANGING WITH A BUNCH OF BACKWOODS CANNIBAL CRIMINALS?
IT'S A HECK OF A STORY, LET ME TELL YA...

INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
HOW THE ANGEL GANG FOUND GRUB
8
I WAS BORN SOMETIME IN THE, OH, MID-20TH... I WOULDN'T WANT TO DATE MYSELF TOO MUCH.
SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT I LIVED IN DECADENT TIMES. DIONYSUS WAS MY GOD AND MY HOLY WAFERS WERE CHOLESTEROL PILLS.
DOCS TOLD ME THAT EPIC DOSES OF GASTROSEC™ AND BLUBBATOR™ CHANGED THE CHEMISTRY OF MY BLOOD.
I LITERALLY COULDN'T DIE. NO MATTER WHAT I ATE
SO EVEN AFTER THE REALLY BAD STUFF WENT DOWN IN THE LATE 21ST..
Hell
.. I WAS STILL OUT THERE, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.


ANYWAY, LAST YEAR I WAS OUT ON A FORAG NG MISSION FOR ANYTHING RESEMBLING MEAT...
...AND LET ME TELL YOU, FR ENDS, RED MEAT WAS AWFULLY HARD TO COME BY...
...WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THESE GUYS SHOWED UP. YOU KNOW, YOU LOVE 'EM, BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CONSUMED BY THEM.
THAT'S R GHT, LOYAL HOME V EWER. I FOUND MYSELF ON THE CHARCUTERIE BOARD OF THE NOTORIOUS ANGEL GANG.
SURELY THEY NEED NO INTRODUCT ON. BUT N CASE YOU'VE BEEN L V NG UNDER AN IRRADIATED ROCK..
.. THE ANGEL BOYS ARE ALL ABOUT THREE TH NGS: CRIMES. CANNIBALISM.
AND A MUTANT FORM OF CHRISTIANITY THAT INVOLVES THE FIRST TWO TH NGS.

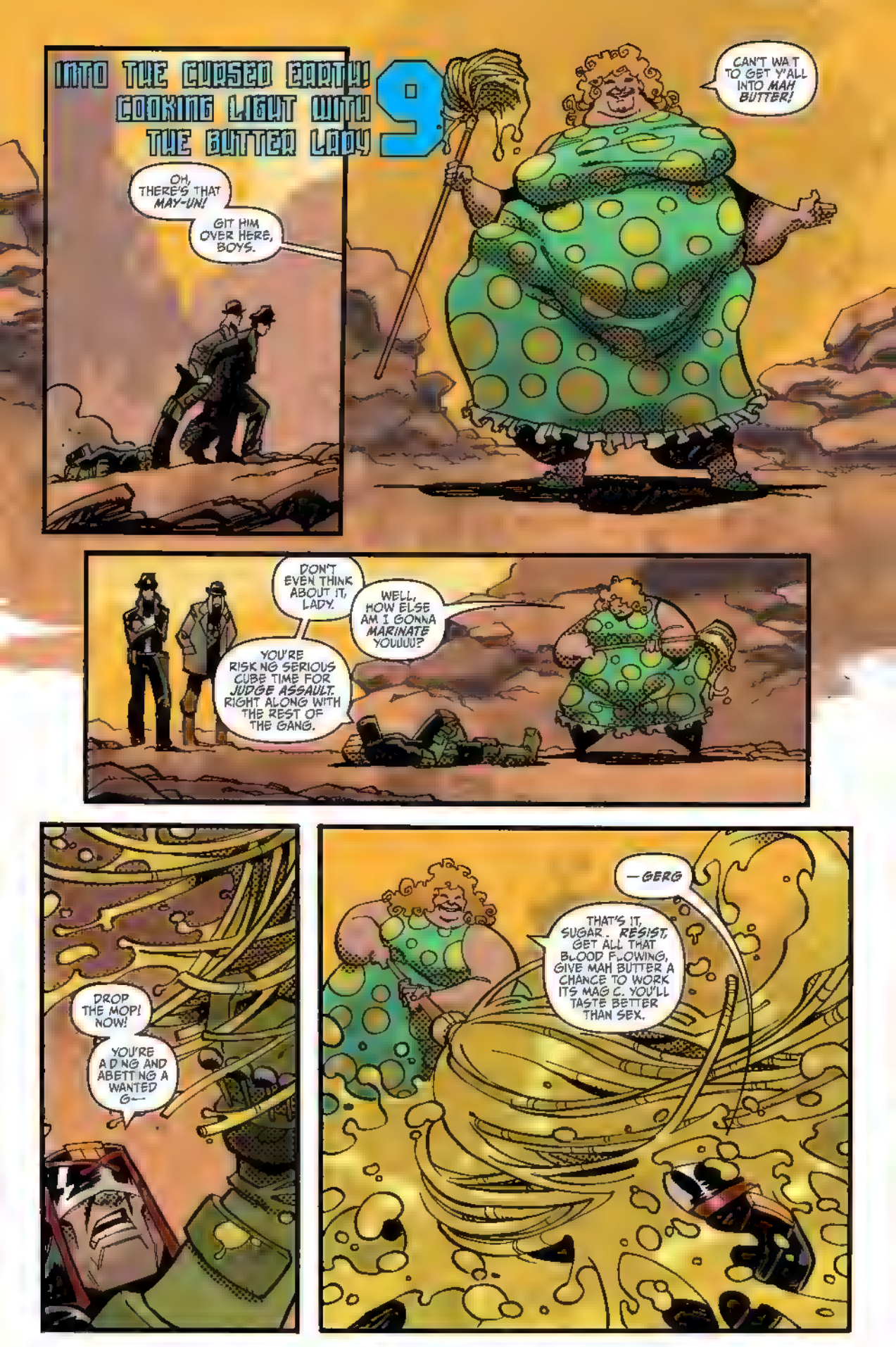
STRAPPED TO THE R BUFFET TABLE, I WASN'T AFRAID OF DYING
NO, FOR ALL I KNEW, I'D REMA N ALIVE AND CONSC OUS EVEN *AFTER* THE ANGE. BOYS CHEWED ME UP
AND THAT'S WHAT *REALLY* FREAKED ME OUT
SO, N MY DESPERAT ON, I SHOWED THEM A *SIMPLE RECIPE TWEAK.*
SOMETHING TO MAKE RAW HUMAN FLESH TASTE JUST A BIT MORE *YUMMY.*


SOON, THE GANG HAD ME PREPARING EVERYTHING FOR THEM.
MY SPECIALTY WAS GETTING THEM TO SAVOR THE WEIRDLITTLE BITS THEY USED TO THROW AWAY
BLASPHEMY, I CRIED!
IT'S A SIN TO ENJOY PAN-SEARED LIVER WITHOUT SIDES OF EYEBALLS AND EARS—A FEAST FOR ALL THE SENSES!
BREATHE IN DEEP THE INTOXICATING RUSH OF SOMEONE ELSE'S LAST BREATH. AHHHHHH...
I PROMISE, YOU WILL RUB YOUR BELLY AND PRAISE GRUB AFTER EATING THIS MAN-SIZED PORTION OF DIGIT-INFUSED BELLY.
AND WHAT'S BETTER THAN, ER, SWEETMEATS... IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A TASTE OF HEAVEN?
KNOWING THE GANG'S FONDNESS FOR HIGHER AUTHORITIES AND SUCH, I TOLD THEM THAT I WORSHIPPED ALMIGHTY GRUB, THE GOD OF GOOD EATIN'.
AND LEMME TELL YOU, THEY ATE THAT UP WITH A SPOON.

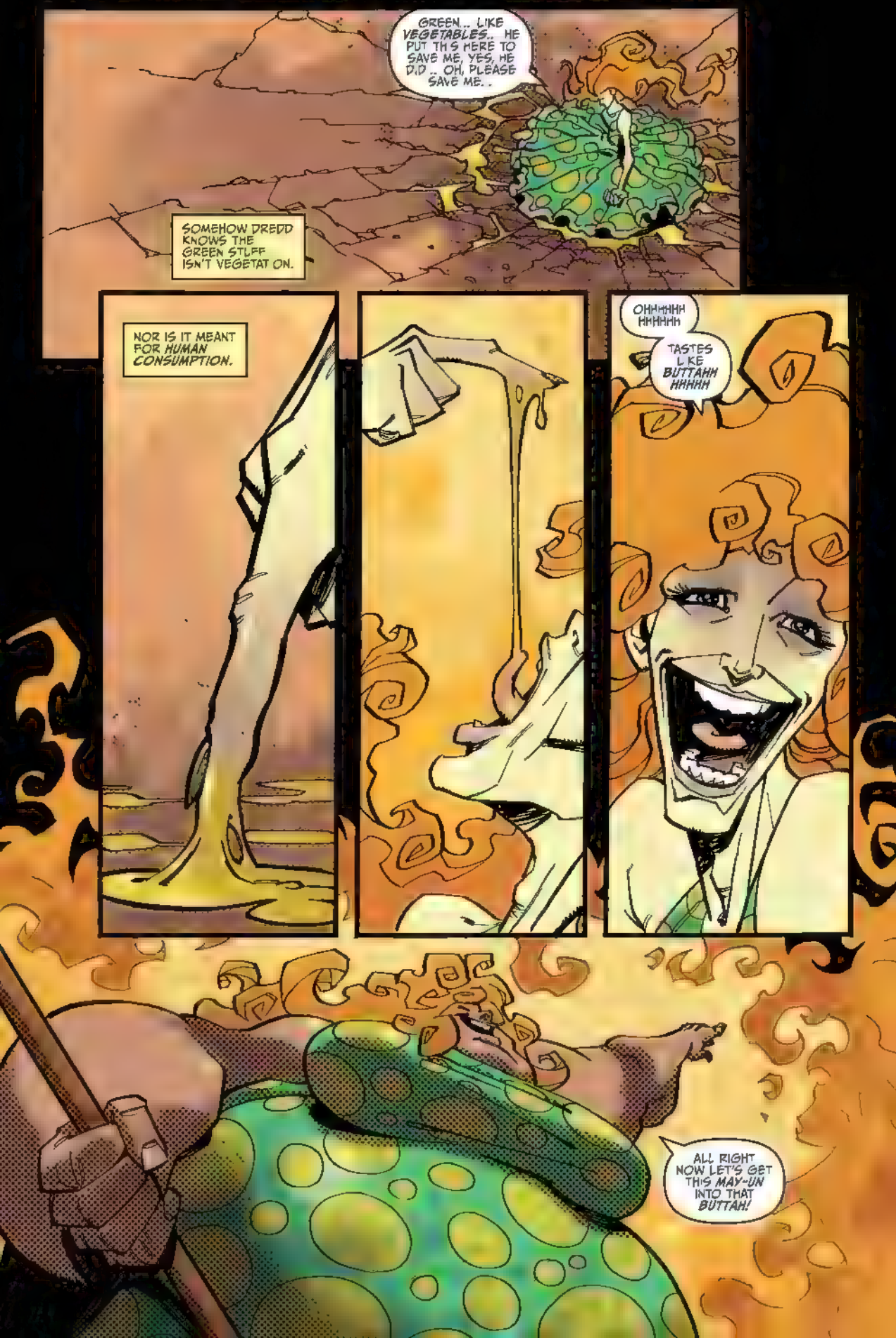
SO NOW THE ANGEL GANG HAS GONE GOURMET. OUR MEALS ARE EPIC PRODUCTIONS.
I WISH CABLE TELEVISION STILL EXISTED OUT HERE IN THE CURSED EARTH, BECAUSE I'M TELLING YOU, THEY'D BE THROWING EMMYS AT ME.
BUT THERE'S ONE DISH THE BOYS HAVE BEEN REALLY HANKERIN' FOR...
"...ROASTED JUDGE ON A SPIT"
SO WHEN WE HEARD THAT OL' DOLLY WOODRELL HAD CAUGHT HIMSELF A JUDGE, WELL... I KNEW I HAD A CHALLENGE.

I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH TENDERIZING, MEAN MACHINE. DON'T YOU AGREE, PAW?
YOU'RE THE CHEF.
OKAY, TAKE OUR GUEST UP TO THE BUTTER LADY FOR SOME MARINATING.
YOU CAN'T.. DO THIS...
I'M THE LAW!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE LAW, BUT I DID KNOW A LAWSON ONCE SHE MADE QUITE A TASTY DISH, MY FRIEND
HOW LONG THIS GONNA TAKE? I'M A-FIXIN' TA EAT NOW.
OH, SILLY ME! HOW COULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN OUR APPETIZER!
GJH.
HOW MANY WAYS CAN YOU PREPARE A HUMAN EYEBALL?
I'M WILLING TO BET I KNOW AT LEAST EIGHT.

NOW DON'T BLINK.
GRUB IS MY SOUS CHEF.. THERE IS NOTHING I SHALL WANT...
HMMMM-MMMMM.
YOU WANT A LITTLE?
YOU REALLY, REALLY SHOULD TRY THIS.
GRUD!
LAST ONE LEFT.. WHO WANTS IT?


INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
COOKING LIGHT WITH THE BUTTER LADY
9
OH, THERE'S THAT MAY-UN!
GIT HIM OVER HERE, BOYS.
CAN'T WAIT TO GET Y'ALL INTO MAH BUTTER!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, LADY.
YOU'RE RISKING SERIOUS CUBE TIME FOR JUDGE ASSAULT. RIGHT ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE GANG.
WELL, HOW ELSE AM I GONNA MARINATE YOUUUU?
DROP THE MOP! NOW!
YOU'RE AIDING AND ABETTING A WANTED G—
—GERG
THAT'S IT, SUGAR. RESIST, GET ALL THAT BLOOD FLOWING, GIVE MAH BUTTER A CHANCE TO WORK ITS MAGIC. YOU'LL TASTE BETTER THAN SEX.

WANT JS TO PEEL OFF THE HELMET AND UNIFORM?
I WANNA KEEP THE HELMET!
NO! LEAVE 'EM ON. THEY'LL HELP TRAP N THE NATURAL JUICES.
'SIDES, WITH ENOUGH BJTTAH, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO EAT THE HELMET TOO!
AS THE PUKE-WARM V SCOUS LIQU D SEEPS INTO THE FLESH OF HIS FACE, DREDD BEG NS TO HALLUCINATE.
NEED .. TA EAT..

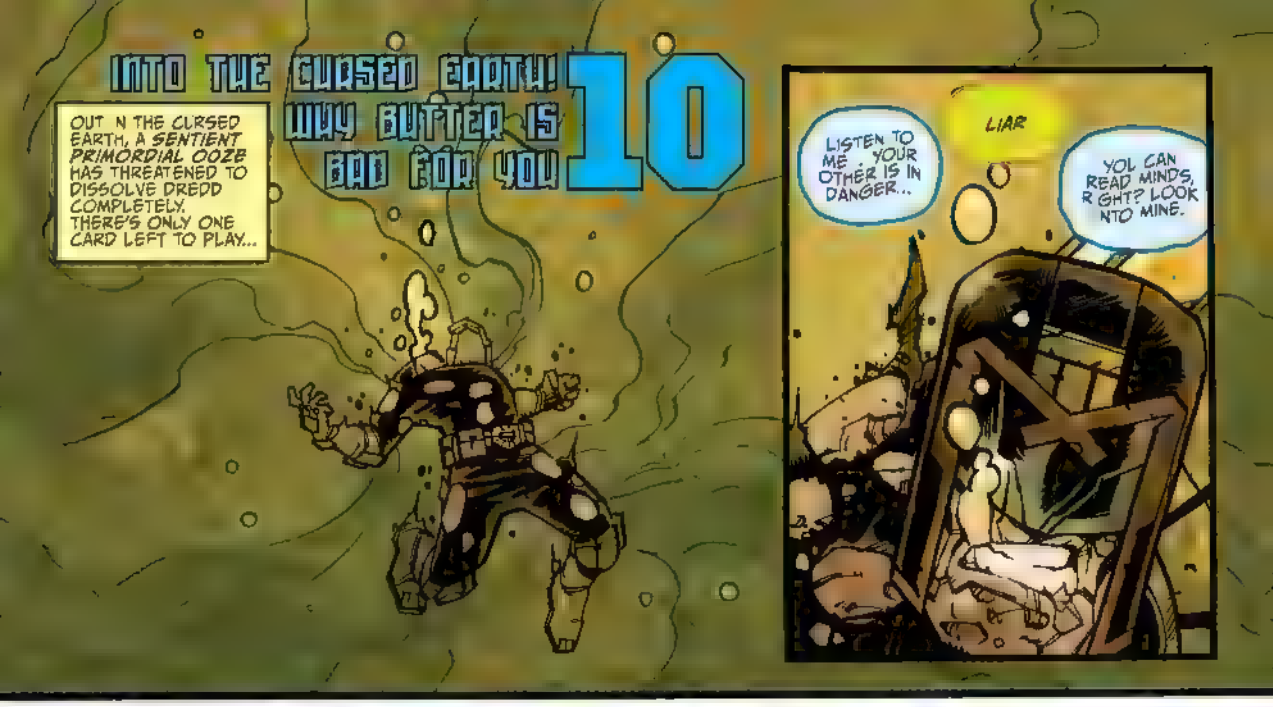

GREEN... LIKE VEGETABLES.. HE PUT TH S HERE TO SAVE ME, YES, HE D.D .. OH, PLEASE SAVE ME..
SOMEHOW DREDD KNOWS THE GREEN STUFF ISN'T VEGETAT ON.
NOR IS IT MEANT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION.
OHHHHHH HHHHH
TASTES L KE BUTTAHH HHHH
ALL RIGHT NOW LET'S GET THIS MAY-UN INTO THAT BUTTAH!

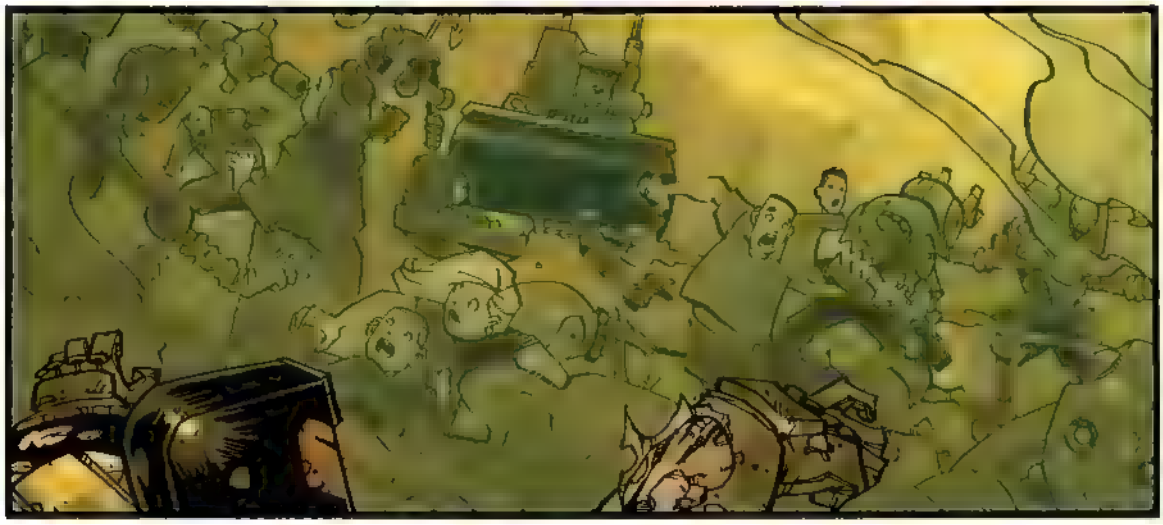
WITH A WICK-SMACK CADDYSHACK
GIVE THE FROG A THRONE
THIS OLD JUDGE CAME FALLING HOME!
THIS OLD JUDGE CAME FALLING HOME!
HELLO JOSEPH
I AM 250000 YEARS OLD HOW OLD ARE YOU

IT'S OKAY YOU CAN BREATHE INSIDE ME I CAN MAKE OXYGEN FOR YOU TAKE A DEEP BREATH
THAT'S IT JUST THINK IT AND I WILL HEAR YOU I LEARNED TO SPEAK HUMAN FROM OTHERS LIKE YOU I AM DOING IT FAIRLY WELL AREN'T I
WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
I KNOW EVERYONE WHO HAS FLOATED INSIDE OF ME THEIR THOUGHTS JUST COME SLOPPING OUT OF THEIR SLIMY GRAY MUSCLE
YOU CAN READ MINDS?
I AM 250000 YEARS OLD AND I AM ALONE AND I WANT TO FIND MY OTHER DO YOU KNOW THE LOCATION OF MY OTHER

YOJ KNOW MY OTHER I CAN SENSE IT YOURE THINKING ABOLT MY OTHER NOW
SAFE TO SAY I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANYTH NG LIKE YOU BEFORE.
NOW RELEASE ME!
LIAR L.AR ~ AR L AR LIAR YOU SERVE MY OTHER I MUST CONTACT MY OTHER I MUST MJST MUST
HNUGH
I WILL SHOW YOU LOOK LOOK LOOK TH S S MY OTHER
DO YOU SEE DO YOU SEE DO YOU SEE
THIS IS MY OTHER
DREDD COULDN'T BELIEVE T
THE GREEN SLIME WAS IN LOVE WITH MEGA-CITY ONE.
IT WANTED TO RUN RAMPANT THROUGH .TS STREETS.
DEVOUR IT COMPLETELY.

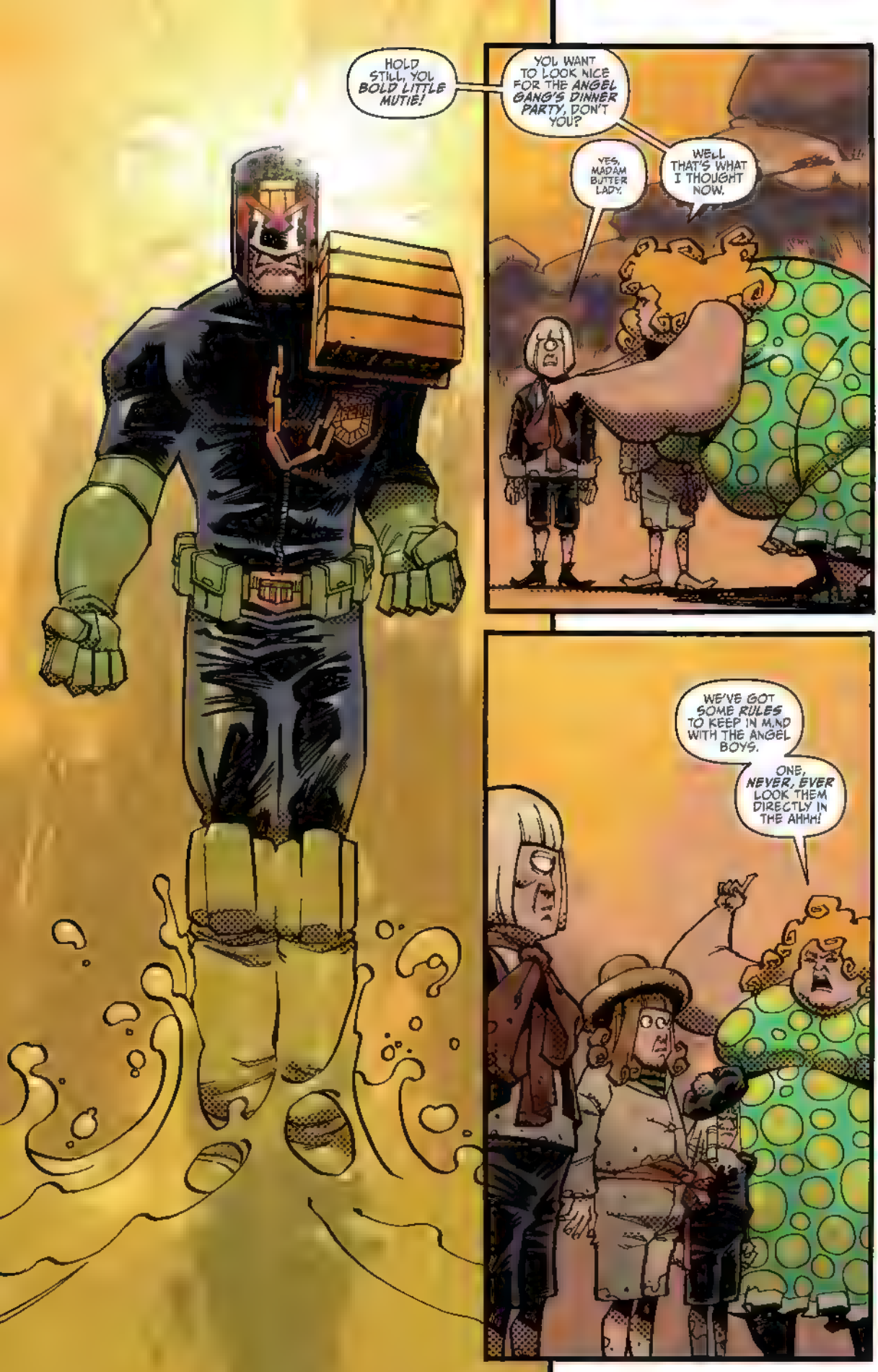
LEAVE MY CITY ALONE!
YOUR CITY THERE IS NO C TY THERE IS ONLY MY OTHER
YOU ARE NOTHING YOU WILL BE D SSOLVED INTO NOTHING
NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOHTING...
HMMM. DEM EYES WERE GOOOOOD.
BJT NOW I'M A-F X N' FOR THE MAIN COURSE TELL THAT BUTTER WENCH TO HURRY IT ON UP!


INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
WHY BUTTER IS BAD FOR YOU
10
OUT N THE CURSED EARTH, A SENTIENT PRIMORDIAL OOZE HAS THREATENED TO DISSOLVE DREDD COMPLETELY. THERE'S ONLY ONE CARD LEFT TO PLAY...
LISTEN TO ME . YOUR OTHER IS IN DANGER...
LIAR
YOU CAN READ MINDS, R GHT? LOOK NTO MINE.

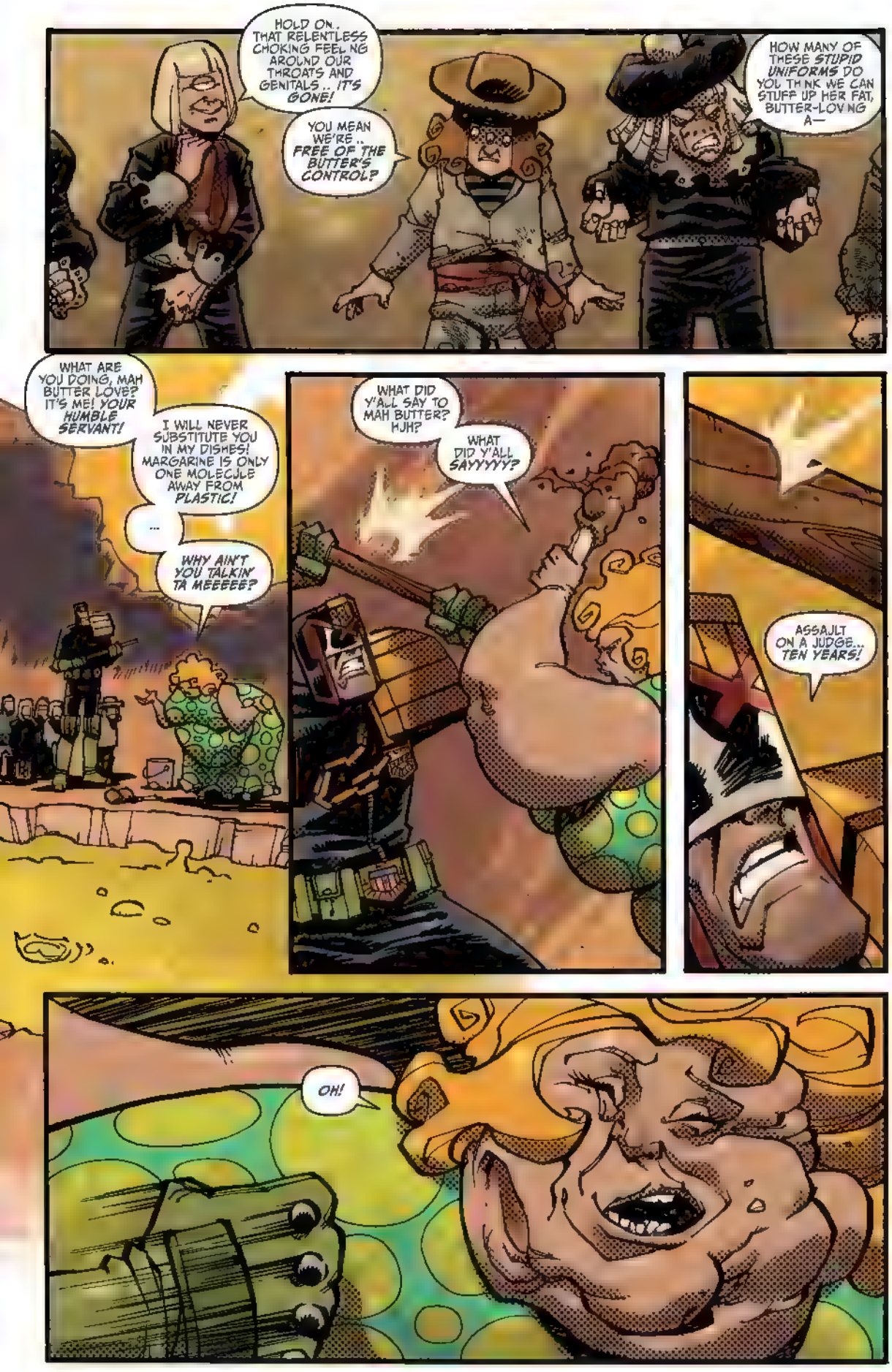


YOU CAN GO
BJT YOU MJST PROMISE TO INTRODJCE ME TO MY OTHER
DREDD KNOWS THAT A LOVESICK OOZE JNLEASH NG ITS PASSIONS JPON MEGA-CITY ONE IS A POTENT AL NIGHTMARE.
BJT THERE REALLY IS NO CHOICE.

AGREED
WHAT ARE YOU DO NG TO ME?
YOJ MUST BE F T TO SAVE MY OTHER
FEELS LIKE I'VE HAD FOUR OR FIVE SESSIONS IN THE SLEEP MACH.NE
HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?
...I TOLD YOUR ICKY GREY MJSCLE TO WORK HARDER TO HEAL YOU...


HOLD STILL, YOU BOLD LITTLE MUTIE!
YOU WANT TO LOOK NICE FOR THE ANGEL GANG'S DINNER PARTY, DON'T YOU?
YES, MADAM BUTTER LADY.
WELL THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT NOW.
WE'VE GOT SOME RULES TO KEEP IN MIND WITH THE ANGEL BOYS.
ONE, NEVER, EVER LOOK THEM DIRECTLY IN THE AHHH!

TWO, IF ANY OF THEM BOYS IS FIXIN' TO EAT YOU.. LET 'EM!
YOU'RE THERE TO SERVE, AND THAT MEANS SERVE .N ALL ASPECTS OF THE WORD!
TH RD, THE BIKER ANGEL FELLA MIGHT WANT TO STRIP OFF YER JNIFORMS, AND IF HE DOES—
KRAK
WHUT..
YOU BOLD MAY-UN!
QUICK, LITTLE ONES! PUSH HIM BACK INTO THE BUTTER! HE'S NOT DONE YET, OH NO, NOT BY A LONG SIGHT!


HOLD ON.. THAT RELENTLESS CHOKING FEELING AROUND OUR THROATS AND GENITALS.. IT'S GONE!
YOU MEAN WE'RE.. FREE OF THE BUTTER'S CONTROL?
HOW MANY OF THESE STUPID UNIFORMS DO YOU THINK WE CAN STUFF UP HER FAT, BUTTER-LOVING A—
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAH BUTTER LOVE? IT'S ME! YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT!
I WILL NEVER SUBSTITUTE YOU IN MY DISHES! MARGARINE IS ONLY ONE MOLECULE AWAY FROM PLASTIC!
...
WHY AIN'T YOU TALKIN' TA MEEEEE?
WHAT DID Y'ALL SAY TO MAH BUTTER? HUH?
WHAT DID Y'ALL SAYYYYY?
ASSAULT ON A JUDGE... TEN YEARS!
OH!

PERSECUTE ME ALL Y'ALL WANT, BUT I IS WHAT I IS AND I AIN'T CHANGING..
CHANGE THIS, LADY.
OH, MY STARS!
FOR THE LAST TIME
I AM NOT BUTTER
BUT YOU WILL BE SOON..

INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
FEEDING FRENZY
11
CAN'T SEEE NOTHIN'... NOT A DANG TH NG...
SNIF SNIF
WA,TASEC..
...I KIN SMELLL SICKLY-SWEET BURN NG MAN-MEAT...
...BUT I KIN ALSO SMELLL CORDITE AND BLOOD AND 'SPLOSIONS...

I'M THROUGH LAYIN' AROUND, FEELIN' SORRY FOR MYSELF.
DREDD AIN'T GONNA END UP ON NO SPIT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
SNAP
HEY.
..ANYBODY ELSE HEAR THAT?
LIKE LITTLE MARCHING FEET OR SOMETHING...
DROKK! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN BUTTER MOUNTAIN!

ANGEL GANG!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR FORCIBLE DETENTION, TORTURE, ORGAN HARVESTING, CANNIBALISM, AND JUDGE ASSAULT.
PREPARE TO BE SENTENCED!
OH NO. OUR MAIN COURSE AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY FROM US AFTER ALL THIS WORK.
JUNIOR AND LINK, MOUNT DREDD ON THE SPIT, GABBER TO PUCKER!
ALREADY AHEAD OF YOU ON THAT ONE, PA.
MEAN MACHINE, GET THE ROASTIN' FIRE GOIN'!
I'M F'X'N' IT NOW, PAW!
AND LAST CHEF, YOU SHOULD START—
WAIT. WHERE'S THE CHEF?

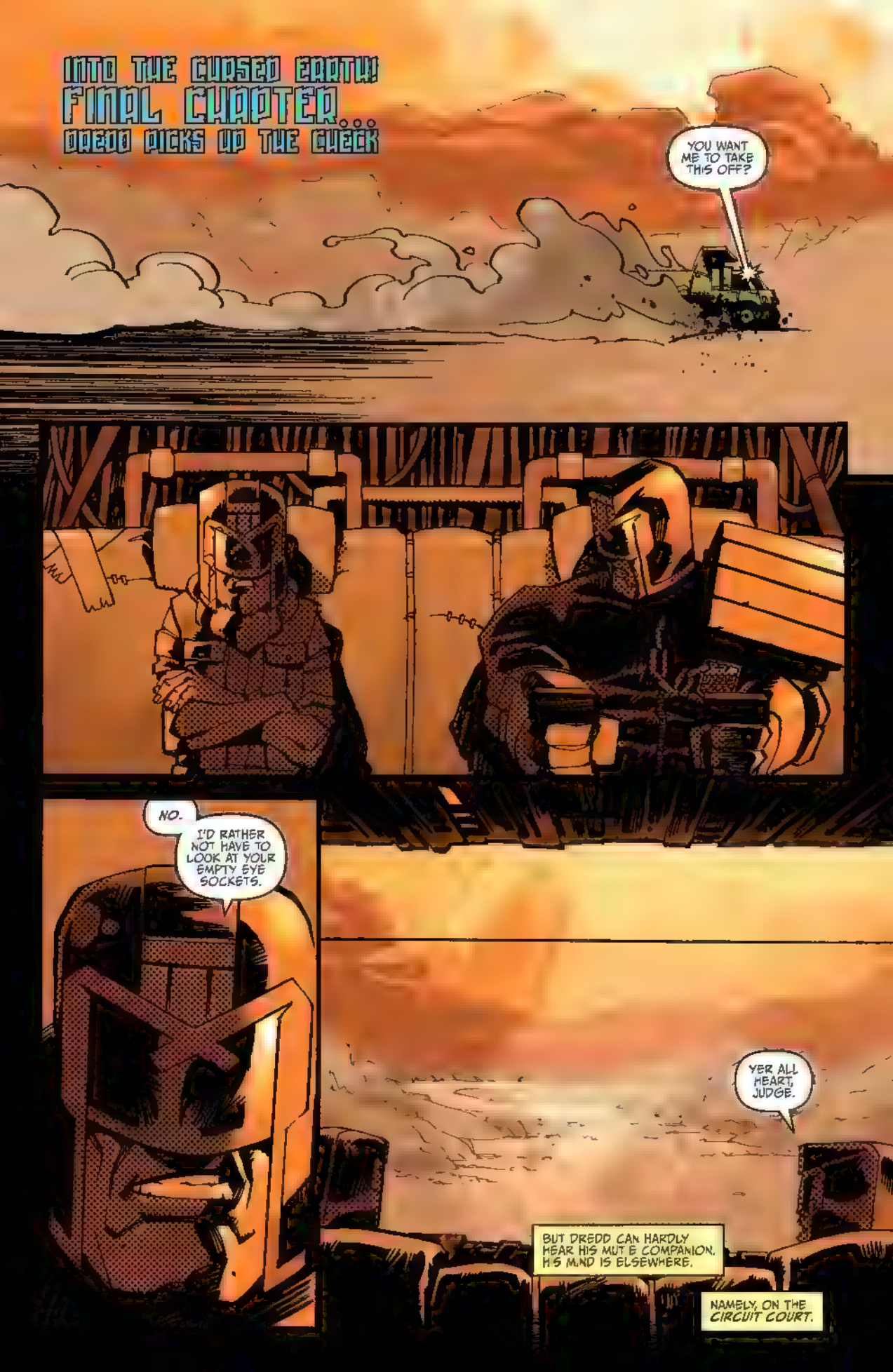
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINK NG. I'M A CHEF, WITH ALL KINDS OF SHARP CUTTING TOOLS AT MY DISPOSAL.
I SHOULD STAY AND FIGHT ALONGS DE THE ANGE, GANG, RIGHT?
WELL... THIS IS WHERE YOU'D BE WRONG. I HAVE A FEEL NG THIS PARTICULAR SHOW IS ABOUT TO GET CANCELLED, COURTESY OF THE MEGA-CITY ONE JUST CE DEPARTMENT.
AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE I'M RENEWED FOR ANOTHER SEASON...
SNIF SNIF
NOT SO FAST, PEEPER-EATER.
N ONE NOSTR L I SME.LL DUST K.CK NG UP.
N THE OTHER . RAW FEAR, SOME WEE T NKLE ON CLOTH.
THAT'S FOR MAH EYES.
KRAK

DON'T WORRY, HE CAN'T KILL ME I'M THE STAR OF THIS SHOW!
NO, BJD OUT HERE, PICKINGS ARE MIGHTY SLIM.
AND YOU JUST BECAME THE MAIN COURSE...
DO US A FAVOR AND OPEN WIDE, DREDD!
OR SPREAD 'EM—YER CHOICE!
KILL THE BUTTER-EATERS!
YOU BOYS GONNA GO EASY OR GO HARD?

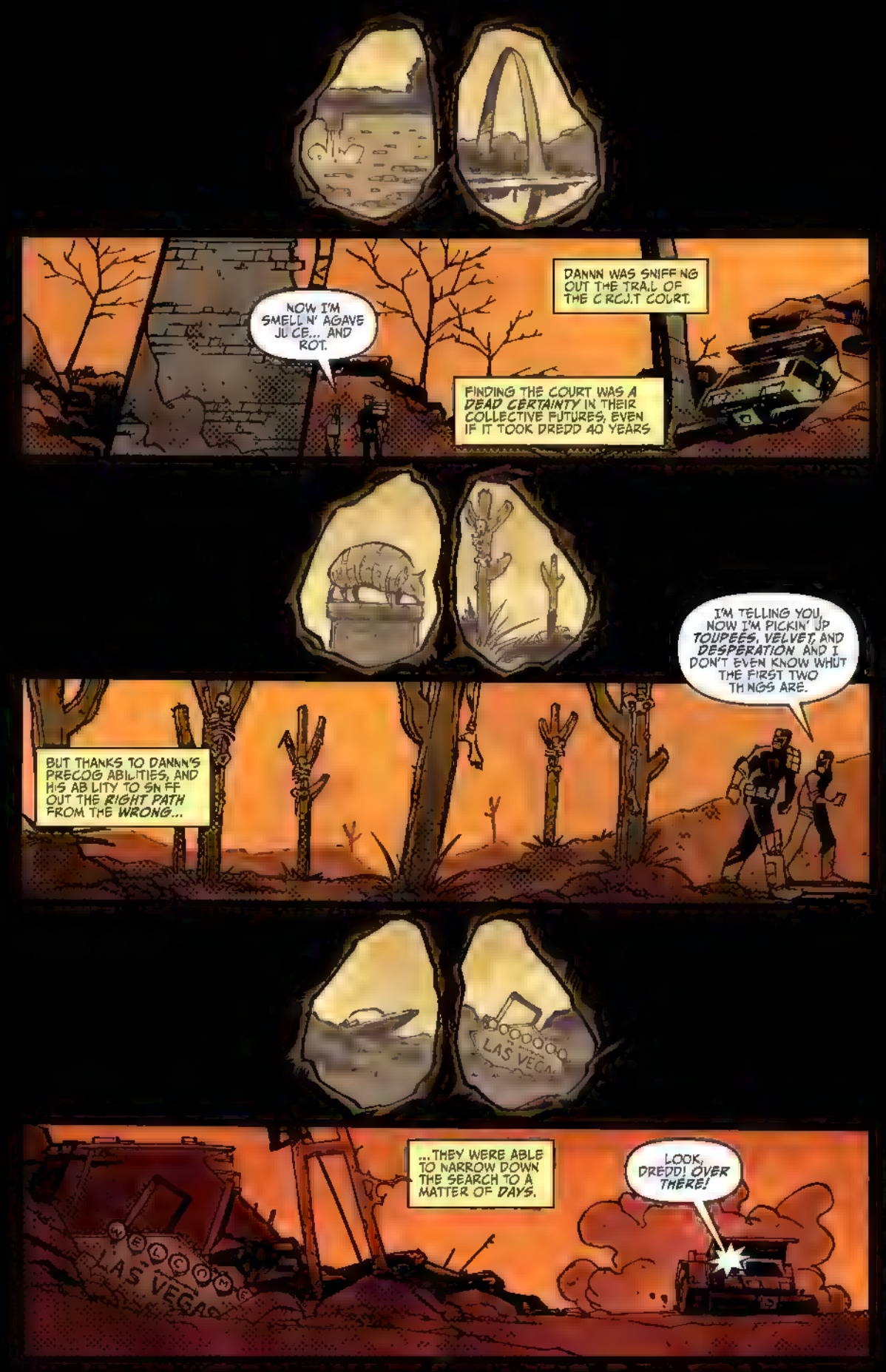
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOIN', JUDGE! INTO OUR BELLIES!
HARD THEN.
SWISH-WAK
MEAN MACHINE. GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU.
WHAT-DID-YOU-DO-TO-MY-PAW?!

FORGET ABOUT THAT. I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER WHAT YOUR FATHER DID TO YOU.
SPLAT
ARRRGHHH!
REMEMBER.. FATHER
WHAT.. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' TO MAH HEAD...
"OH, GRJD, I REMEMBER NOW. I REMEMBER IT ALL..."
WHY D D...
-:SNIFF:-
.. WHY DID PAW TURN ME INTO A MONSTER?

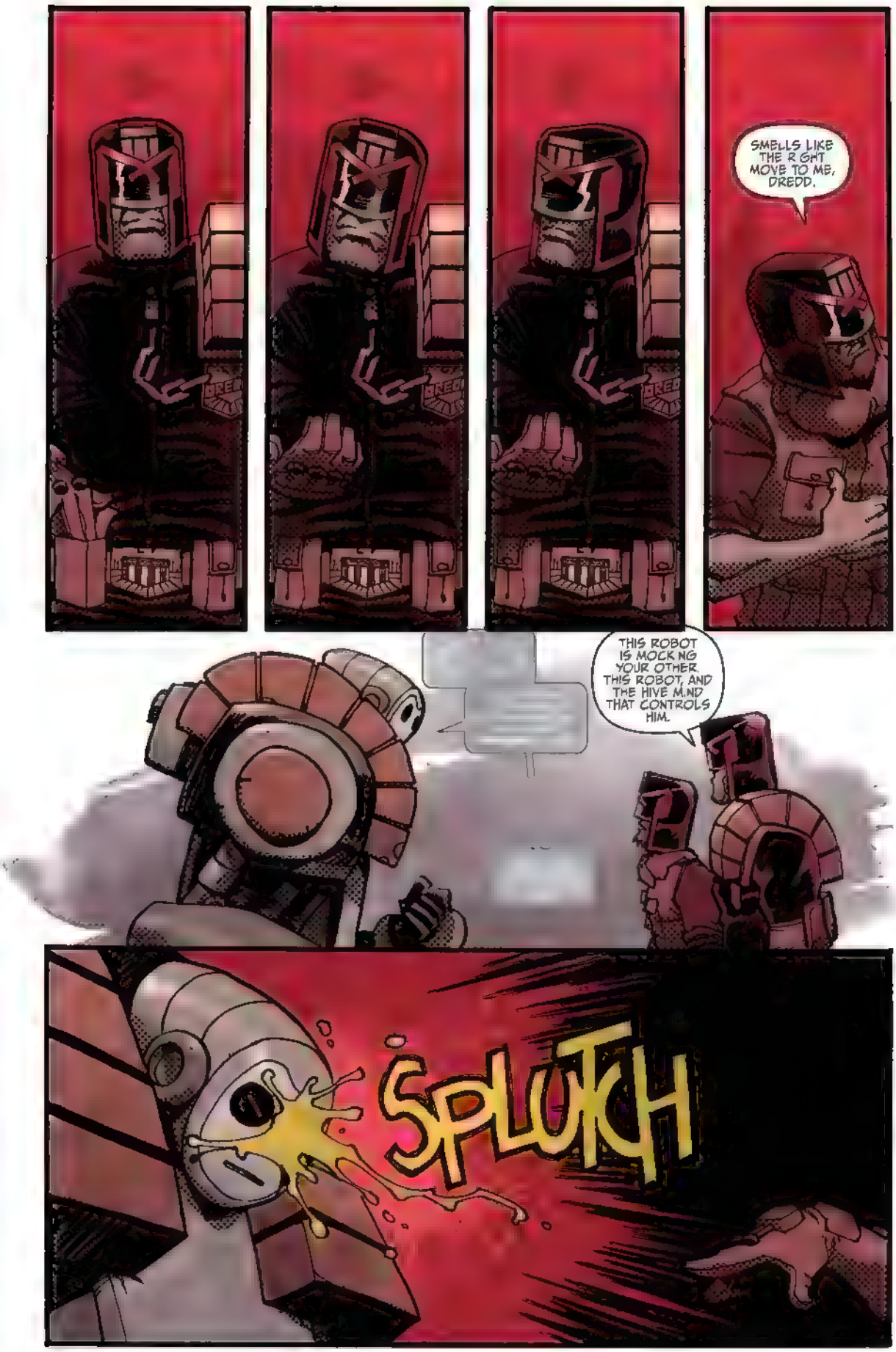
BA-BAM
...
I HIT SOMETHING, DIDN'T I?


INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
FINAL CHAPTER...
DREDD PICKS UP THE CHECK
YOU WANT ME TO TAKE THIS OFF?
NO.
I'D RATHER NOT HAVE TO LOOK AT YOUR EMPTY EYE SOCKETS.
YER ALL HEART, JUDGE.
BUT DREDD CAN HARDLY HEAR HIS MUTE COMPANION. HIS MIND IS ELSEWHERE.
NAMELY, ON THE CIRCUIT COURT.

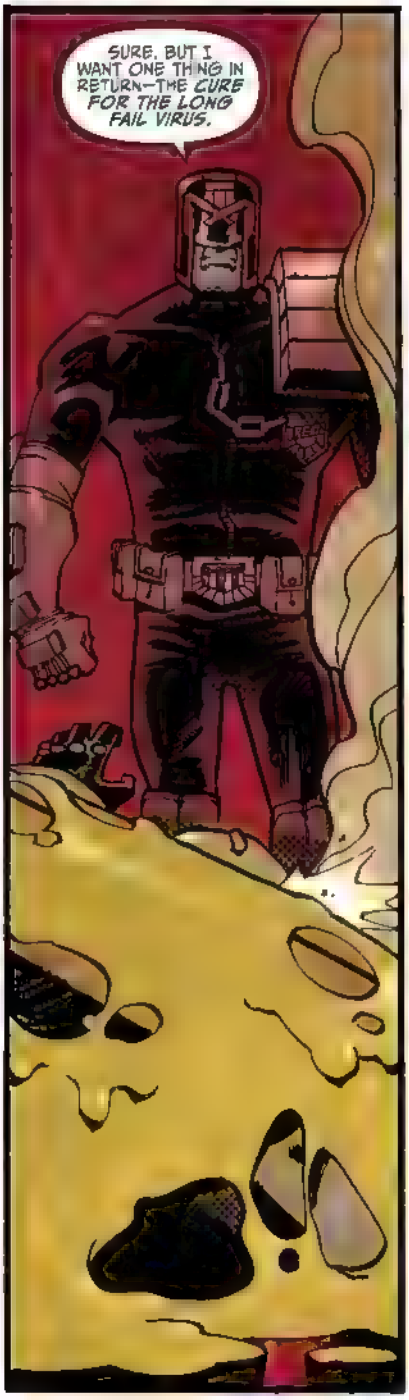
THE TECHNO-TERRORIST GROUP, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SO-CALLED "LONG FAIL" ATTACK, ABDUCTED THE ELITE OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
...AND CARRIED THEM INTO THE CURSED EARTH TO ESTABLISH A NEW CITY SOMEWHERE IN THE WASTELANDS.
LEAVING MC-1 TO TUMBLE INTO CHAOS.
DREDD IS NOT A MAN GIVEN TO DESPAIR, BUT THE TRAIL HAS GONE HOPELESSLY COLD, THANKS TO HIS MISADVENTURES IN WOODRELL COUNTY AND WITH THE ANGEL GANG.
STILL, HE VOWS TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE OUT HERE, IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE HIS CITY.
SNIF SNIF
HEY, DREDD. CRACK A WINDOW.
...
WHY?
I'M SMELLING SOMETHIN' WEIRD.

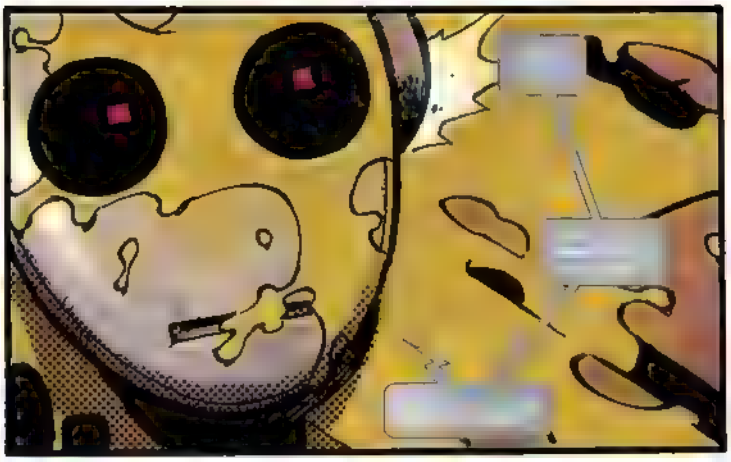

NOW I'M SMELL N' AGAVE JU CE... AND ROT.
DANNN WAS SNIFF NG OUT THE TRA.L OF THE C RCU.T COURT.
FINDING THE COURT WAS A DEAD CERTAINTY IN THEIR COLLECTIVE FUTURES, EVEN IF IT TOOK DREDD 40 YEARS
I'M TELLING YOU, NOW I'M PICKIN' JP TOUPEES, VELVET, AND DESPERATION AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHUT THE FIRST TWO TH NGS ARE.
BUT THANKS TO DANNN'S PRECOG ABILITIES, AND HIS AB LITY TO SN FF OUT THE RIGHT PATH FROM THE WRONG...
LAS VEGA
...THEY WERE ABLE TO NARROW DOWN THE SEARCH TO A MATTER OF DAYS.
LOOK, DREDD! OVER THERE!
WELCOME
LAS VEGAS

ON THE EDGE OF THE RUINS, DREDD HAS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE UNHOLY STRUCTURE THAT IS . .
MEGA-CITY ONE.
CIRCUIT COURT REMIX.
CLONES OF THE ELITE SLAVE AWAY UNDER THE UNFORGIVING SUN.
C'MON, KIKI FIVE! DUH!
YEAH, KIKI FIVE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SHUT UP, KIKI TWO!
K KIS ONE AND TWO LIKE, STOP IT!


SMELLS LIKE THE R GHT MOVE TO ME, DREDD.
THIS ROBOT IS MOCK NG YOUR OTHER. THIS ROBOT, AND THE HIVE M.ND THAT CONTROLS HIM.
SPLOTCH

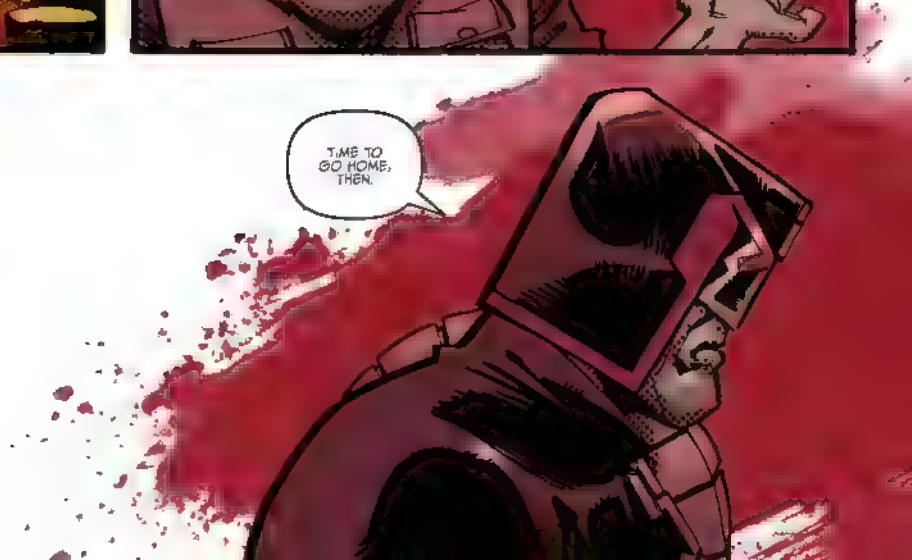
"NOT MJCH
"JUST GIVING YOUR CIRCL T COURT A TASTE OF SOMETH NG OLDER THAN TECHNOLOGY.
"SOMETHING THAT KNOWS YOU HURT MY C TY AND WANTS TO HURT YOU BACK"


SURE. BUT I WANT ONE THING IN RETURN—THE *CURE FOR THE LONG FAIL VIRUS.*



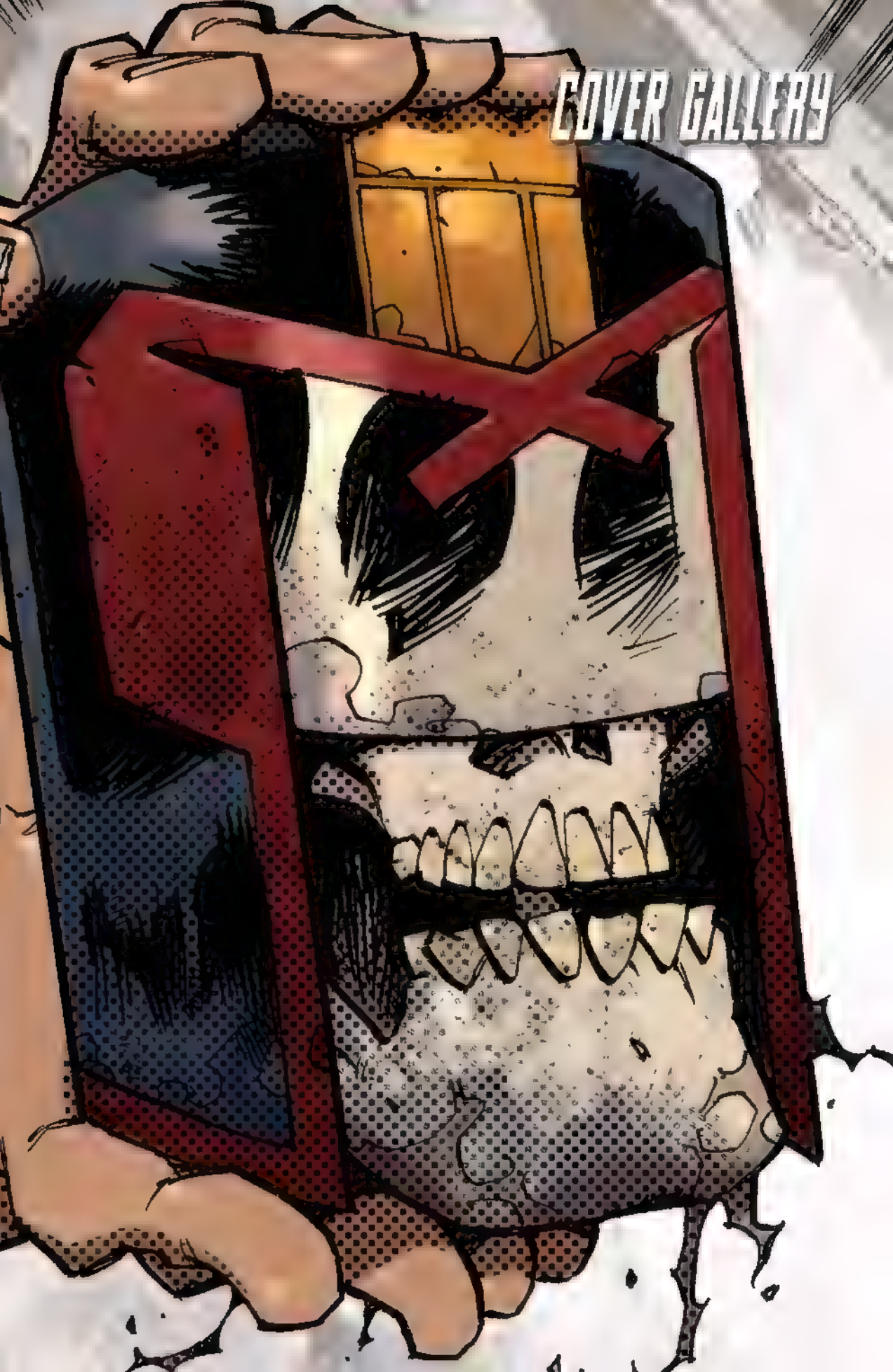
YOU'VE *LIED TO ME* BEFORE, MYERS.
YOU AND THE REST OF YOUR SO-CALLED COURT WILL BE HELD ,N SUSPENS.ON LIKE TH S JNTIL I MAKE IT BACK TO MC-1 WITH THE CURE. AND IT *TAKES.*

SNIF SNIF
THE ROBOT'S TE..N' *THE TRUTH,* DREDD. BOTH NOSTRILS ARE SAYIN' YOUR CITY WILL RECOVER.


TIME TO GO HOME, THEN.

VERY HAPPY THE OTHER WILL BE SAFE...
.. TELL ME, WILL THE OTHER L.KE ME?
HOW SOON BEFORE I CAN MEET THE OTHER?
WILL YOU DR VE AT EXTREME SPEEDS SO THAT I MAY MEET THE OTHER RIGHT NOW
SNORT
DANG. THIS SMELLS L.KE TROUBLE.
BETTER MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T NEED MY HELP.
HEY! DREDD, HANG ON!
NEXT
DREDD NOIR

COVER GALLERY



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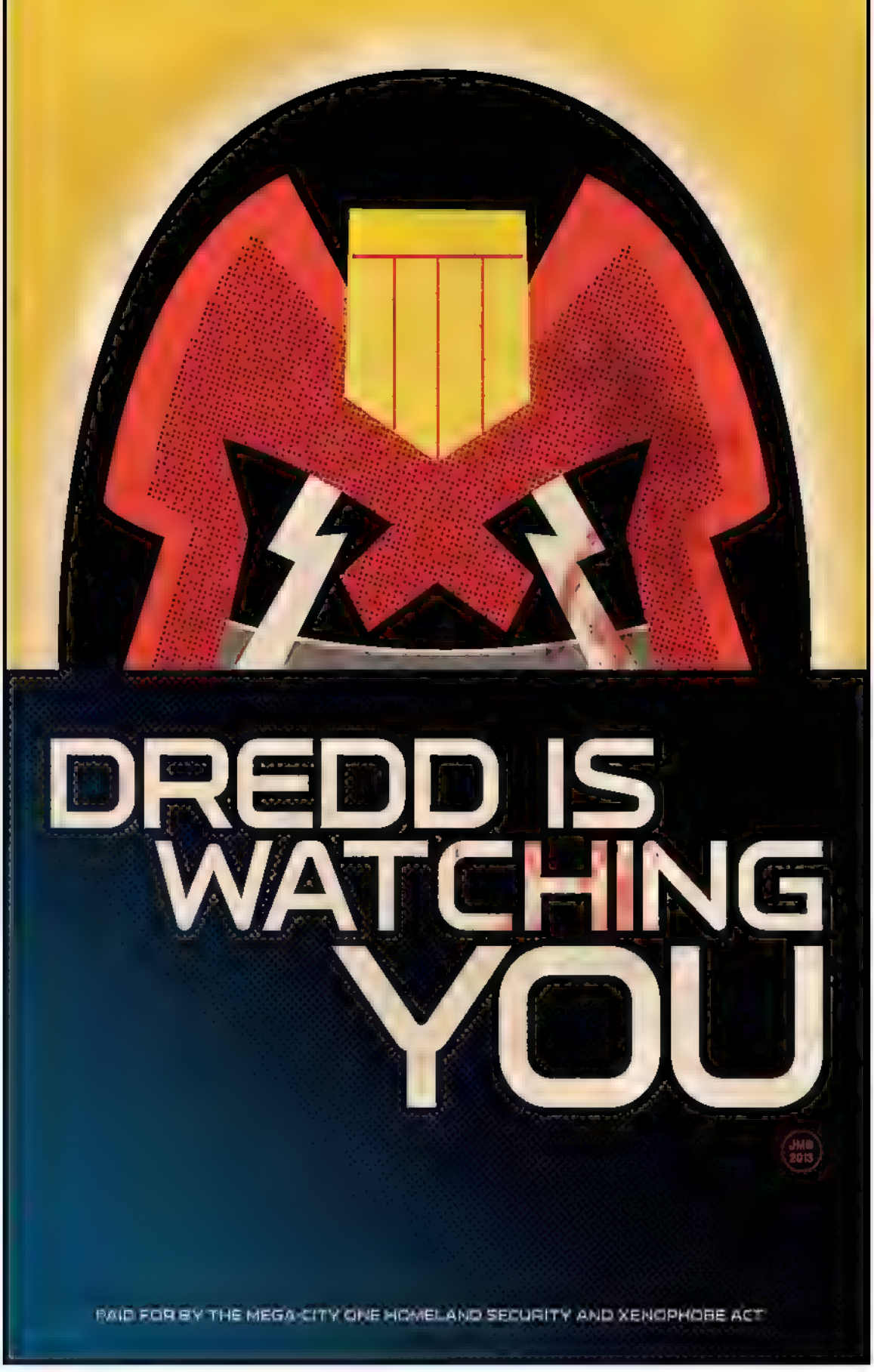
ART BY JIM CALAFIORE



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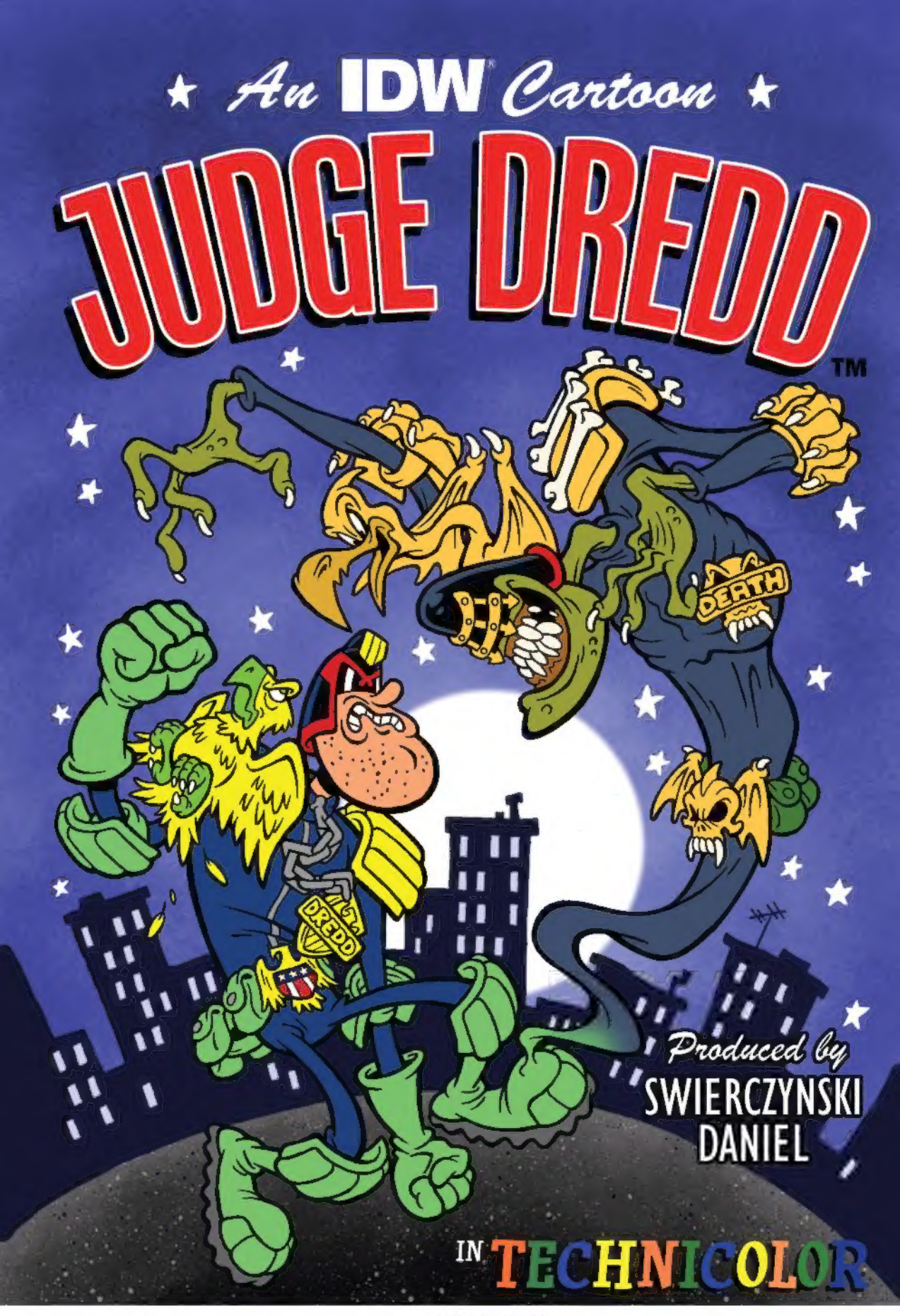
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JUDGE DREDD
™
DEATH
JUDGE DREDD
Produced by
SWIERCZYNSKI
DANIEL
IN TECHNICOLOR
ART BY PHIL POSTMA

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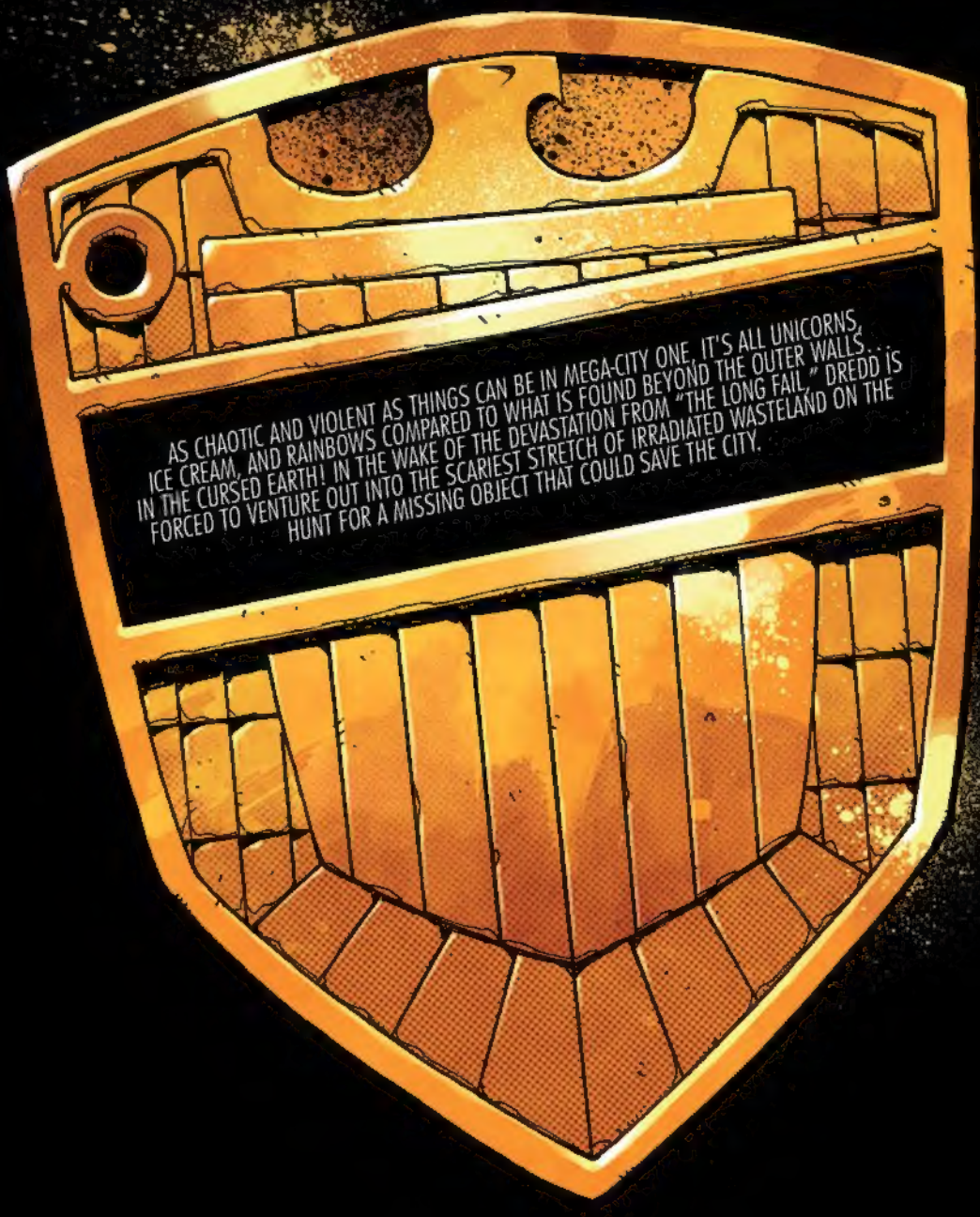
JUDGE DREDD


AS CHAOTIC AND VIOLENT AS THINGS CAN BE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, IT'S ALL UNICORNS, ICE CREAM, AND RAINBOWS COMPARED TO WHAT IS FOUND BEYOND THE OUTER WALLS... IN THE CURSED EARTH! IN THE WAKE OF THE DEVASTATION FROM "THE LONG FAIL," DREDD IS FORCED TO VENTURE OUT INTO THE SCARIEST STRETCH OF IRRADIATED WASTELAND ON THE HUNT FOR A MISSING OBJECT THAT COULD SAVE THE CITY.

IDW